



AGREEABLE UGLINESS:

OR, THE

Triumph of the GRACES.



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A G R E E A B L E  
U G L I N E S S :

*K*  
O R , T H E

T R I U M P H  
O F T H E  
G R A C E S .

Exemplified in the real Life and Fortunes  
of a young Lady of some Distinction.



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY,  
in *Pall-mall*. M.DCC.LIV.

AGREEABLE  
UGLINESS:  
OF THE  
TRIUMPH  
OF THE  
GRACES.

Exemplified in the late Miss and Fortunes  
of a young Lady of some Distinction.



L. O. N.  
Printed for  
M. B. S. S. S.



THE  
DEDICATION  
TO THOSE  
LADIES

Who are ignominiously distinguished under  
the Denomination of

U G L Y.

LADIES,



It is to You, my  
melancholy Compa-  
nions, You to whom  
as well as to myself, churlish  
Nature has denied what is  
esteemed

## DEDICATION.

esteemed the most valuable, if not the only Advantage of our Sex; to You, I say, I consecrate this Work.

According to the usual Stile of Dedications, I ought to begin my Compliments to You, with a Panegyric on Ugliness; but let me refer You to the Epistle to the Graces. I would not be accused of meanly soliciting Your Favor and Protection. I am likewise too well convinced, that I should vainly endeavor to obtain Your Approbation. There is not one among You, my dear Ladies, that has Courage to confess

## DEDICATION.

confess publicly, or perhaps even to own to herself, that she ought to appropriate any Part of my Offering ; and since I cannot hope for any Gratitude, You should not expect any Compliments.



POST-



# DEDICATION

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of my Offering; and since I  
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You should not expect any.

Compliment



POST



## POSTSCRIPT,

Which may serve the Reader as a

## PREFACE,

OR AN

## EXCUSE,

As he shall judge most requisite.



WHEN I wrote my Life, I had no more Design of publishing it than I had of composing a Romance. If I had intended either the one, or the

## POSTSCRIPT.

the other, I should have been more correct in my Stile, should have invented more wonderful Circumstances, and more affecting Situations ; my Narration should have been composed with more Regularity, and I should have softened the Character of a Mother, who indeed never ceased to hate and persecute me as long as she lived, but of whom I may perhaps be accused of speaking too freely. For my Justification in that Respect I thought it right to inform my Readers, that want of Employment was my only Inducement for writing these Memoirs ; that without

## POSTSCRIPT.

out seeking Ornaments from Fiction, I have obliged myself to a scrupulous Obedience to Truth, because I wrote only for my own Perusal, or at least for that of a few Friends as well acquainted with my Affairs as myself. My Head perhaps is a little turned with their Indulgence, and I confess that in exciting in me the poor Vanity of appearing in Print, their Encomiums ought to have induced me to endeavor at rendering this Work deserving the Approbation of less partial Judges, in whom Friendship has not extinguished the Spirit of Criticism.

A G R E E-

# POSTSCRIPT

On looking over my Obituary from  
 Fiction, I have obliged myself  
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AGREE





# AGREEABLE UGLINESS;

O R, T H E

## Triumph of the GRACES.



Handsome Woman is, by her Beauty, placed in a more distinguished, and more conspicuous Light in the World, than a Dutcheſs is at Court. The Seat of Honor is due to a Woman's Birth, to the Services of her Husband, or to the Favor of the Prince, the ſovereign Diſpenſer of Ranks and Titles; but for our Charms we are indebted to Nature alone, and yet we are apt to think we owe them to ourſelves.

B

At

At the Play, the Opera, or in any public Assembly, observe on one Side a Lady of the first Fashion, whose only Recommendations are her Title, the Richness of her Cloaths, and the Sparkling of her Jewels. On the other, a Woman much her inferior in Birth, Title, and Dress, but who is distinguished by the Elegance of her Shape, and the Resplendency of her Beauty. You will find Nature's fair Workmanship shall engross the Eyes and Attention of all the Spectators. I allow that the Woman of Quality acts a Part of so much consequence in the World that she cannot be overlooked, wherever she goes she is sure of being seen; but a fine Woman is watched, sought, and followed. Crouds fly with Impatience to every Place she frequents, all the World talks of her, all the World praises her, all the World loves her, and longs for her Acquaintance. The smallest Circumstance of her Life becomes the Object of public Curiosity. May we not reasonably conclude from this, that in order to interest Mankind in general, and to excite the Envy of every Particular  
of

of our own Sex, in short, that to deserve to be known, it is necessary we should be distinguished either by Beauty or a Title.

I came into the World without either of these Advantages: I was born ugly, and am in that respect still just what I was born. I received my Being from Parents, indeed of genteel Extraction, but of little Wealth, and who lived with great Oeconomy on a small Estate, the only Remains of a better Fortune, of which my Ancestors had consumed the greatest Part. This Estate was situated in a Province far distant from the Metropolis, and consequently from the Court; a new Obstacle to the Hopes which Ambition or Merit might form of raising itself above the Frowns of Fortune, and breaking from Obscurity. Mediocrity keeps a worthy Mind in a State of Depression, and an ugly Face reduces a Woman into a kind of Non-existence.

Attended by these two mournful Companions I entered the World; and notwithstanding the fortunate Events which have raised me above the one, and rendered

dered the other supportable; the Design of giving my History to the Public would never have entered my Thoughts, if Chance had not led me lately into the Company of some Persons of Wit; one of whom read an Epistle to the Graces, which they told me was the Work of a Gentleman, as much distinguished by the Elegance of his Understanding as by his Birth. This Copy of Verses pleased me much, but I was particularly touched, and I own my Self-love was flattered, by the following Lines which seemed made exactly for me; omitting the Word *Wit*, of which no one is allowed to boast, though none think themselves deficient in it.

Her Wit is such that she with Ease  
Can tho' ugly always please;  
The Graces with their nameless Charms  
Give us Transports in her Arms.

I do not know whether Wit or the Graces concerned themselves in my Affairs. I dare not flatter myself with a Supposition of making the most amiable Man in the World happy, but I know that he has long, with perfect Success,  
made



made it his Study to render me so ; is it not a Proof that he thinks himself not far from it ?

Gratitude, and perhaps Vanity, may be supposed to have induced me to write my History ; but when a Woman confesses her own Uglinefs, we may believe her sincere ; and I positively affirm that neither of these have been my Motives. I always valued Beauty very highly, but have more particularly interested myself for those Women, who like myself are deprived of that most pleasing Gift of Nature. I never see one of them to whom, without any Acquaintance, I do not wish, a noble Disposition, a good Understanding, a sweet and gentle Temper, some Knowledge, and bright Parts. This good Will inclines me for our Consolation to prove, that we ugly Women have Means of pleasing, wherein Beauty is often deficient. The History of my Life will furnish many Examples of each Kind, and perhaps afford them a Model by which to form themselves, in shewing the different Degrees that have led me to the Happiness I now enjoy. I have no oc-



caſion to ſpeak of my Birth, or my Perſon, having already ſaid enough to convince my Readers, that neither could preſent any very flattering Proſpects of a future Eſtabliſhment or conſiderable Situation in Life; but yet it may be thought neceſſary to make them acquainted with me, that they ſhould know to whom I owe my Birth. To give this Information I muſt tell my Name, that of my Family, and even thoſe of all the Perſons who have been in any Degree concerned in the various Events of my Life. Now this is precisely what I am determined not to do; I ſhall therefore follow the Example of thoſe who write Plays upon well known Stories, and give to myſelf, and the other Perſons of the Drama, ſuch Names as Chance ſhall ſuggeſt to my Imagination, and which ſhall remove from People known in the World, the Application of any Ill I may have occaſion to ſay of them.

According to the Plan I have laid down I ſhall call my Father Mr. *de Villiers*. He had an elder Brother who was bred to the Army, my Father on the contrary  
was

was dedicated to the Service of the Church, and by the Revenue of some Preferment procured him by my Grandfather, he was enabled to finish his Studies at *Paris* without putting his Family to any Expence. His Progress in them was such as might be expected from a Man, who was thoroughly sensible that nothing but a great acquired Merit could raise to an easy Situation in the World, the Younger Brother of a small Fortune, in a Country where it was the Custom to give even all that little to the Elder.

Such was my Father's Situation in the Year 1701. He was then eighteen Years old, and was preparing to take Orders, when he received an Account of his Brother's being kill'd in *Italy*, with the Count *d'Albert* his Colonel, and many others. My Grandfather had been dead three Years, and the Narrowness of my Father's Circumstances, rather than any spiritual Impulse, having occasioned his being designed for the Church, he had not been able to behold with Impunity the Charms of Mademoiselle *des Moulins*, a young Lady of Fashion, to whose Pa-

rents he had been introduced by some of his Friends.

My Father upon the News of his Brother's Death laid aside all Thoughts of the Church. He acquainted Mademoiselle *des Moulins* with his Resolution. She, who was then arrived at the Age of twenty-one, and since her Mother's Death had been Mistress of her Father's House, received Monsieur *de Villiers's* Declaration very favorably, and immediately foresaw a Probability of obtaining his Preferment for her Brother. This Scheme settled, or at least intended, my Father left *Paris* to take Possession of his little Estate. His Mother who loved him tenderly, and whose Affection he sincerely returned, gave him the full Possession of his small Patrimony, tho' he was not of an Age to claim it. In a few Months more it was increased by his becoming Heir to that beloved Mother.

Seeing himself sole Master of himself and Fortune, he returned to *Paris*, where his first Business was to offer both to  
Made-

Mademoiselle *des Moulins*. His Addresſes were very well received by the Lady and her Father ; and her only Brother, either out of Generoſity or by Agreement, relinquished in her Favor all Title to his Share of his Mother's Inheritance ; this was all her Fortune, and was but an inconfiderable Sum.

Mademoiselle *des Moulins* was extremely attracting ; the Beauty of her Perſon, and the Charms of her Converſation, had procured her a great Number of Admirers, whoſe Addresſes I have been told ſhe had Art enough to receive in ſuch a Manner, as kept them equally free from Deſpair and from Preſumption. My Father's Love appeared moſt ſincere, and therefore was preferred to the lighter Courtſhip of others. He was at moſt twenty Years old when he married Mademoiselle *des Moulins*, who was twenty-three. My Father's Deſire of carrying his Wife to his Country Seat was forced to yield to her Fondneſs for *Paris*, at leaſt for the firſt Year of their Marriage. Mr. *de Villiers* during that time ſuffered more in the Tranquillity of his Mind and Heart, than



in his Fortune ; he lived at his Father-in-law's on very reasonable Terms, but the Coquetry of his Wife gave him great Pain. She, this Year, brought him a Daughter, who was afterwards called the *Fair Villiers* ; and was bred up at *Paris* with her Grandfather till she was ten Years old ; but as soon as Madame *de Villiers* recovered her Lying-in, her Husband assumed the Voice of Authority, and obliged her at last to accompany him to his Country House ; where he had determined henceforward to live, in order to take care of, and, if possible, to augment his little Fortune.

His Estate, which was called *de Villiers*, made Part of the Marquisate of *Beaumont*, and was situated very near the Castle of that Name. The Count *de Beaumont*, tho' much advanced in Years, had two Years before chosen for a second Wife, a young and beautiful Widow, who in the first Year of their Marriage brought him a Daughter ; which with a Son of between seven and eight Years old, by a former Wife, composed at that time his whole Family.

The



The Marquis *de Beaumont* had some time before quitted the Army and retired to his own Estate. His Castle was the Rendezvouz of all the People of Fashion in the Neighbourhood, and indeed of the Province. As he lived in great Figure, and the young Marchioness was one of the most amiable Women in the World, and particularly happy in the Art of making her House perfectly agreeable, the fine Seasons of the Year seldom failed of attracting thither some of the most considerable Persons about the Court. The Count *de Saint Furcy* scarcely ever omitted spending there Part of the Summer and the Autumn. He had a Son of the same Age as the young Count *de Beaumont*, who always accompanied him, and a Daughter three or four Years younger, who after the Death of the Countess *de Saint Furcy*, was educated in a Convent at *Paris*. I ought likewise to mention the Viscount and Chevalier *de Francheville*, two Brothers who much frequented the Marquis's House, and had some Share in the Adventures of my Family. They were both young and agree-

2

able,

able, and were nearly related to the Marchioness *de Beaumont*.

Such was the Neighbourhood into which my Father carried his Wife. She was soon admitted, and indeed carested, at the Castle of *Beaumont*. The good Marquis was charmed with her Person and Manner, nor was the young Marchioness less pleased with her Wit, and the natural Gayety of her Temper. Coquet without inclining to Gallantry, Vanity was the only Principle which made Madame *de Villiers* love Flattery and Courtship, but she had a true Taste for Pleasure. The Friendship of the Marquis *de Beaumont*, the good Opinion of the Marchioness, the Regard and Attention shewn by all who frequented the House, added to her Superiority of Age, soon gave Madame *de Villiers* an Influence over her Husband, which he never had the Power to conquer. I suppose it was in some Moment of Vexation, when Mr. *de Villiers's* Mind was a Prey to gloomy Disquiet, that he took it into his Head to beget me. I confess I never had the Air of a Child of Love, for tho' the Repetition

petition is mortifying, I must once more own that in a Year after the Birth of my elder Sister, I entered the World in native Ugliness. The Marchioness *de Beaumont* was my Godmother, and the Count *de Saint Furcy* my Godfather. I shall not tire my Readers with an useless Detail of a trifling Infancy ; I shall only say, that homely as I was, it was soon said that I resembled my Father, tho' he was handsome ; he had a graceful Person, and a very expressive Countenance ; Advantages of which I was thought to partake, and that Nature had granted them to make me some amends for the churlish Disposition in which she seemed to have been at my first Formation.

But I soon became sensible of a much more valuable Recompence in the tender Affection of my Father ; I esteemed it a Consolation even for the harsh Treatment I received from Madame *de Villiers*, who never gave me any other Name than the *Shocking Monster*. Such disagreeable Appellations, and a thousand other Mortifications lavishly bestowed on me by Madame *de Villiers*, whom I even durst  
not,

not, nor could not, call Mother, daily drew Tears from my Eyes ; into my Father's Breast I poured them, and there vented all my Sorrows ; which his fond Caresses effaced from my Remembrance. He could not indeed conceal from me the Misfortune of having been so ill-treated by Nature, but far from chusing to make it the Subject of Vexation, he talked to me of the Charms I wanted, only to excite in me a Desire of acquiring such, as are more valuable and lasting : These were Advantages he was well qualified to give me ; and while Madame *de Villiers* had no other Employment than the Pursuit of Pleasure, he made it both his Pleasure, and his Duty, to instruct me in all the useful Knowledge which he possessed. He would often say, he did not wish to make me learned, his principal Endeavour was to form my Heart and my Understanding. He put me upon the most agreeable and most amusing Studies, desiring only to enable me to form a Judgment of such Books as chiefly amuse or employ the World, without waiting the Decisions of others.

My



My Father often flattered me with saying that I improved by his Instructions; and at nine Years old, at which time my Sister was brought from *Paris*, I was so earnest in the Pursuit of my Studies, that I was not jealous of Madame *de Villiers's* Partiality for her, of the Dissipations she procured her, nor of the vain Ornaments with which she was fond of adorning the natural Beauties of her darling Daughter. I acknowledge that I was not equally insensible to my Sister's superior Beauty, and the Graces of Behaviour which she had acquired at *Paris*. I felt myself strongly mortified, but above all things I trembled lest it should lessen my Father's Fondness, the only Treasure this World afforded me. This Fear gave me many painful Sensations, which I endeavored to conceal, but with so little Success that my Father observed it. My Tears helped to betray my Secret, by flowing without any apparent Cause when I was reading a Book rather amusing than melancholy, to which I was robbed of all Attention by the Emotions of my Heart.

“ What



“ What is the Matter with you, my  
 “ Dear, said my Father, and why these  
 “ Tears, at a time when the Things you  
 “ are reading, should remove from your  
 “ Mind every melancholy Idea ? ”

These few Words instead of drying my  
 Tears made them flow much faster; I lost  
 the Power of Speech; my Father grew  
 alarmed — “ Speak, said he, my dear  
 “ Child, have you been ill-treated, have  
 “ you any one to complain of? No, my  
 “ dear Father, I replied, as soon as I was  
 “ able, forgive me these Tears, your  
 “ Affection is the Cause of them, I am  
 “ miserable with the Fear of losing it.”

“ What could inspire you with such  
 “ Apprehensions? answered he. You are  
 “ silent; I understand you my Dear,  
 “ you are afraid that your Sister’s supe-  
 “ rior Beauty should rob you of your  
 “ Share of my Heart. Listen to me,  
 “ my dear Child, and by Reflection con-  
 “ quer a Fear so ill-grounded; your Sister  
 “ stands in the same Relation to me as  
 “ yourself, and is thereby equally intitled  
 “ to

“ to my Affection ; if I was capable of  
 “ swerving from a Law so natural and  
 “ just, you yourself ought to remind me  
 “ of my Duty. But whatever Fondness  
 “ I may have for her, it can never lessen  
 “ my Love for you. I will go still far-  
 “ ther to quiet your Apprehensions,  
 “ whatever Equality there ought to be  
 “ in the Affection which is due, and  
 “ which I very sincerely feel for both  
 “ you and her, I think it my Duty to  
 “ make you some kind of Compensation  
 “ for the superior Advantages your Sister  
 “ possesses ; this adds a Tenderness to  
 “ my Love for you, which all my Fond-  
 “ ness for her can neither extinguish, nor  
 “ equal.”

“ Oh ! my dear Pappa, cried I, how  
 “ happy am I ! I should still be so, tho’  
 “ you loved me less than my Sister ; I  
 “ can ask no more than that you may  
 “ continue to give me a Share in your  
 “ Affections.”

“ My dear Child, said my Father,  
 “ taking me in his Arms, with the ut-  
 “ most Tenderness, rest assured of my  
 “ Fondness

“ Fondness for you, nothing can ever  
 “ abate it; you will live to be your Fa-  
 “ ther’s greatest Consolation, and I will  
 “ now be yours. Trust me with all  
 “ your little Vexations, my Love will  
 “ teach me how to sooth and cure  
 “ them.”

These kind Assurances, and the Con-  
 fidence he so early taught me to have in  
 his Goodness, was always of great Use to  
 me. I pass over in silence the ill Hu-  
 mour, and every Mortification, with  
 which *Madame de Villiers* afflicted my  
 Infancy; they increased greatly after my  
 Sister came to *Villiers*, but my Father’s  
 tender Goodness recompensed and com-  
 forted me for every thing.

The *Fair Villiers*, for thus all the World  
 called my Sister, while my Mother had  
 brought it into a Custom with her Ac-  
 quaintance to give me no other Appella-  
 tion than the *Shocking Monster*—My Sister,  
 I say, took Pleasure in mortifying me,  
 and omitted no Opportunity of humbling  
 one whom Nature had already but too  
 much humbled. She would often teach  
 my

my Patience to support very bitter Raillery. She had been spoiled from her Birth by Mr. *des Moulins* her Grandfather, by whom she had never been controuled. Madame *de Villiers*, whose Idol she was, added to her Pride by incessant Praises, and increased her imperious Temper by excessive Indulgence; I must take the Liberty to say they equally tormented both my Father and myself.

Before I enter into any interesting Part of our Adventures, I think it will not be amiss to make a short Sketch of my Sister's Person and Character, in drawing a Comparison between her and myself.

My Sister was fair, I was very brown. She was the Picture of my Mother with every Beauty heightened, I an ugly Resemblance of my Father. She had the Superiority in Beauty, I had the Advantage over her in Shape. Her Eyes were of a dark blue, large, and finely formed, but without Fire or Expression, in short they were fine Eyes without Meaning; mine were black, a little too much sunk, tolerably large, of very uncommon Vivacity,



vacuity, and seemed to indicate more Sense than perhaps I really had. My Sister had, without Exception, the finest Complexion I ever saw; mine could not be called black, but appeared so when compared with hers. My Sister's Nose was well-shaped, but rather long; mine was the best Feature in my Face. Her Mouth was small and perfectly beautiful; mine was large, but my Teeth were much finer than my Sister's, tho' hers were good. In short, tho' my Sister's Skin was as white as possible, it was neither so smooth nor so soft as mine.

In Understanding my Sister was but scantily provided. Her Knowledge extended no farther than to Ribbands, Silks, and Fashions, with all the various Trifles belonging to female Dress. Whenever the Conversation turned on any other Subject, the narrow Sphere within which her Judgment was confined soon became visible; but she loved to decide dogmatically, because she always met with Approbation. The little good Sense and Judgment which Nature had bestowed on me, and my Father had carefully cultivated, taught me to be more diffident;  
and

and perhaps my Reserve, which Madame *de Villiers* called Stupidity, might be only the Effect of an invincible Timidity and Distrust of myself, occasioned by the continual Contempt and Ridicule with which my Mother and Sister treated my Person, and every Word I uttered.

I believe I might have been driven into such a State of Stupidity as would have lasted my Life, had it not been for the frequent Excursions my Mother made from home, and the Conversations which I had regularly every Day with my Father; with whom I enjoyed the Liberty of thinking and of explaining my Thoughts.

In drawing my Sister's Picture, and my own, I have, without Design, given a Sketch of the Life I led at *Villiers* for above two Years after my Sister came thither. During this time Madame *de Villiers* made very frequent and sometimes long Visits at the Marquis *de Beaumont's*; my Sister always accompanied her, and I believe I should scarcely ever have gone at all, if the Marchioness my Godmother had

had not asked, or rather insisted on, my coming to see her. It was in the few short Visits I made at the Castle of *Beaumont*, that I saw, and became more particularly acquainted with, the Count *de St. Furcy* my Godfather, and his Son. As the Count had some sort of Reason to interest himself for me, he condescended to converse with me as often as he had Opportunity. I suppose his Caresses conquered my Timidity, and I appeared to him less foolish and stupid than my Mother had represented me. To the good Opinion he conceived of me, particularly of my Disposition, I owe the Happiness I have since enjoyed, and the great Change in my Situation.

At the time I am speaking of, that is about three Years after my Sister came from *Paris*, the Count *de St. Furcy*, who perhaps suspected my not leading a very happy Life at home, proposed to the Marchioness of *Beaumont* (as I have since heard) to take me as a Companion to her Daughter, who was about a Year older than myself. But his Interest was overbalanced by my Mother and the Count,  
and

and Chevalier *de Franchevilles*, who were more inclined to the *Fair Villiers*.

She therefore was chosen, contrary to the Opinion of the Count *de St. Furcy*, and the Inclination of Mademoiselle *de Beaumont*. This young Lady, notwithstanding the Delicacy of her own Beauty, and her various Charms, began a little to envy my Sister's, and to dislike the Haughtiness of her Disposition, which too often appeared in the Imperiousness of her Manner. Tho' when she went to live at *Beaumont* she was but little above thirteen Years old, she had already more Coquetry and Art than would have been expected in so young a Girl. I am obliged to mention this Particular, as it gave rise to many Events which happened to us both, tho' good Nature might otherwise have prompted me to conceal it. I now give my Readers full Liberty to forget me, nor shall I complain of their Neglect, since it is no more than I am going to treat myself with for the Space of two Years, which only served to form me a little, to strengthen my Understanding, and augment my small Stock  
of



of Knowledge, but made no Alteration in my little domestic Misfortunes, nor in the Affection and Care of a tender Father, which was my sole Consolation. I shall only say a few Words of a violent Fit of Sickness which I had in that time. My Father believed me in so much Danger, that he never left my Bed-side either Day or Night. Madame *de Villiers*, on the contrary, seldom appeared in my Chamber, and when she did it was only for a few Minutes. She shewed so little Concern for my Condition, that as much as I had been accustomed to her Indifference, it would often draw Tears from my Eyes. One Day that I was much worse than common, and thought to be at the utmost Extremity, the Physician who attended me, without doubt by the Desire of my Father, sent for Madame *de Villiers*. Tho' almost in the Agonies of Death I heard what passed. Madame *de Villiers*, on entering the Room, said, " There  
 " could be no such Necessity of sending for  
 " her, but they might have forborn it, for  
 " she did not love to see such Sights."  
 But coming towards my Bed, almost without looking at me, tho' I endeavored

as

as much as I was able to reach out my Arms to embrace her, she stopt at some Distance, and, giving me her Blessing, added, "Make yourself easy, Child, this Disorder perhaps will go off; at your Age People recover from the Brink of the Grave." Then, turning towards the Physician, said, with great Composure, "Really, Sir, she seems very ill." — "Madam, answered the Doctor, there is, as you observe, still Hopes; the Goodness of her Constitution, and her Youth, may do much. — No, no, Sir, replied my Mother, the Girl is in a Manner dead already; alas! Death will be a Blessing to her, what could that Thing do in the World!" — My Father, unable to suppress his Indignation, cried out, "Heavens! what unparalleled Cruelty is this? Do you come hither only to hasten the Death of my unhappy Child? Go hide your Barbarity and your Shame." Madame *de Villiers* went out without returning any Answer, at least I heard none; I was overwhelmed with Grief, and drowned in my Tears; perhaps they were of Service to me. I saw Madame *de Villiers* no more.

My Father's tender Care made me forget her ill Treatment ; and my Physician's Skill recalled me to Life.

My Readers may now make use of the Liberty I have already given them, and forget me for some time ; but, for the better understanding the Consequences of my Sister's two Years Visit to *Mademoiselle de Beaumont*, it is necessary they should remember, that the Marquis, her Father, had a Son by his first Marriage, who was then near twenty Years old ; that the Count *de St. Furcy* had a Son much of the same Age, and a Daughter who might be about fifteen, educated in a Convent at *Paris*. I must likewise remind them, that the Viscount and Chevalier *de Francheville*, two Brothers, related to the Marchioness *de Beaumont*, both young, and considerably advanced in the Army, made long Visits at the Castle of *Beaumont*, and had contributed to my Sister's being chosen as Companion to their younger Cousin.

I must moreover inform my Readers, that the Friendship between the Marquis  
de

*de Beaumont* and the Count *de St. Furcy* was so great, that they had long concerted a double Alliance between their Families, in marrying Mademoiselle *de Beaumont* to the young Count *de St. Furcy*, and this Count's Sister to the young Count *de Beaumont*. This Scheme was not quite agreeable to the Marchioness's Inclination, who secretly wished to give her Daughter (who would have a large Fortune) to the Viscount *de Francheville* her Cousin ; and had artfully inclined Mademoiselle *de Beaumont's* Heart to receive a favorable Impression of the Viscount.

These Persons were all at the Marquis *de Beaumont's*, and engaged in these Views, when my Sister, who was called by no other Name than the *Fair Villiers*, was received there. The young Gentlemen, who then composed this amiable Society, were very assiduous in their Addresses, and lavish in their Flattery to the *Fair Villiers*. Considering her Disposition, and her early Turn for Coquetry, one cannot doubt of the Pleasure she received, any more than of her having the Art of managing them properly.



perly. Some were more seriously attached to her than others; the young Count *de Beaumont*, and the Viscount *de Francheville*, were of this Number. The young Count *de St. Furcy*, who had a Solidity of Sense and Judgment, uncommon at his Age, and who besides knew he was designed for Mademoiselle *de Beaumont*, and the Chevalier *de Francheville*, who was secretly in love with that young Lady, went no farther than complimenting the Charms of the *Fair Villiers* without appearing much interested in them. The Vanity of my beauteous Sister was at first less pleased with the Conquests she had made, than piqued at those whose Hearts had escaped her Charms; she tried every Means of attracting them, but at last finding her Attempts were unsuccessful, she despised their Insensibility; she even endeavored to prejudice Mademoiselle *de Beaumont* against them, and applied herself intirely to secure the Possession of the two Hearts she had enslaved. In secret she preferred the Count *de Beaumont*; but the Honor of making the Viscount *de Francheville* inconstant to so amiable a Woman as

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Mademoiselle *de Beaumont*, who was really in love with him, flattered the Vanity of the *Fair Villiers* too agreeably not to tempt her to exert all the Arts of which she was Mistress, to complete her Triumph. I give an Account of all these Particulars, with the greater Exactness and Certainty, from having since heard them circumstantially related, by the Person who was concerned in them.

These Intrigues, during the first Year, produced nothing more than some secret Jealousies, and little Quarrels of small Importance. The Departure of the Viscount and Chevalier *de Francheville*, restored the Castle of *Beaumont* to its former Tranquility. As *France* then enjoyed a settled Peace, the young Count had sufficient Leisure to pursue his Courtship. The young Count *de St. Furcy* was very assiduous in his Addresses to Mademoiselle *de Beaumont*, whose Brother had by that Means frequent Opportunities of paying his to the *Fair Villiers*, and he thought he had sufficient Reason to flatter himself with a Belief of possessing the Heart for which he had sued. But at

the Return of the *de Franchevilles*, after an Absence of eight Months, the Face of Affairs appeared very much altered. My Sister's Vanity made her endeavor to regain her former Interest in the Viscount's Heart. She thought her Empire over the Count's Affections so firmly established, that she might preserve it without keeping all the Measures which some Men would require. But a better Understanding than Nature had bestowed on her, is necessary to enable a Woman to carry on, without Suspicion, a double Intrigue with two Lovers, who have continual Opportunities of coming to an Explanation.

I have since learnt, from undoubted Authority, that my Mother was the Contriver of all these Schemes; and my Sister acted only by her Advice, which perhaps was a fortunate Circumstance, as her Virtue would have had no easy Task to resist, at once, her real Inclination for the Count *de Beaumont*, and the more dangerous Attacks of the Viscount *de Francheville*, a young Man not ignorant in the Art  
of

of Love, and whose View was to take Advantage of her Weakness.

I must, however, do Justice to Madame *de Villiers*; I am certain she had no other View in authorizing this double Mortgage of her Daughter's Heart, than the Hopes of procuring her an honorable Establishment. And when this strange Affair came to Light, my Sister was so fortunate as not to be accused, or suspected, of any thing worse than the Giddiness of Youth; but this Giddiness was near having very dismal Consequences. As my Mother's Thoughts were bent on marrying her dear Daughter to the best Advantage, I suppose she advised her to chuse, of her two Lovers, him who seemed inspired with the strongest and most constant Passion, and to secure him in such a Manner, that he should not afterwards have the Power to leave her. By this Advice my Sister regulated her Conduct, when the Count *de Beaumont*, after the Departure of Mr. *de Francheville*, of whom he had been jealous, pressed her to declare the Situation of her Heart. She owned her Partiality for him, but at



the same time gave him to understand, that the Viscount offered her his Person and Fortune; and as she could not flatter herself with any Expectations of the like from him, it was not reasonable to suppose that she should sacrifice so noble an Establishment, in compliance with an idle Passion. Less than this would have been sufficient to drive a young Man, who had much Love, and little Experience, to what he wished. The Count omitted no Protestations to convince the *Fair Villiers* that he never had any Design but Marriage, and offered her an immediate Promise under his Hand to that Effect, provided the Engagement should be reciprocal. This strange Contract, between two young Persons not of Age to dispose of themselves, was, as I have been told, drawn up by *Madame de Villiers* herself; but, however that may be, it was written and signed by both, and they had mutually exchanged these invalid Contracts, long before the Return of the Viscount *de Francheville*.

There is some Reason to believe that *Madame de Villiers*, with whom this frivolous

volous Paper was deposited, grew apprehensive her Daughter would never receive any real Advantage from it; perhaps too she internally reproached herself for the bad Use she made of the Confidence placed in her, by the Marquis and Marchioness *de Beaumont*; for upon the Return of the Viscount, who was of Age, and in his own Disposal, my Sister, I suppose, was advised to endeavor a like Promise from him. Whatever was the Inducement, the Advice was highly indiscreet, to say no worse; and the Conduct of it was in very imprudent Hands. My Sister, without much Regard to the jealous Reproaches of the young Count *de Beaumont*, played off the whole Artillery of her Charms, and all the Arts of Coquetry upon the Viscount. She easily revived the idle Passion, created, at first, by Convenience, and forgot in Absence, though he could not fail protesting the contrary.

When the *Fair Villiers* thought herself assured of her Point, upon the first Complaint the Viscount made of young *Beaumont's* Love, she acknowledged her having

received a Contract of Marriage from the Count, but offered to sacrifice that, and the Lover, to him, if he would enter into the same Engagement.

The Viscount at once perceived the Importance of this Discovery, and pretended to accept the Proposal. My Sister immediately acquainted my Mother with her Success, desired her to send the Count's Contract, which she should be obliged to return, in order to obtain her own in Exchange; promising soon to deposite in her Hands, one that should be more valid, from Mr. *de Francheville*. Madame *de Villiers* was caught in the Snare laid for her Daughter; the Count's Promise was restored, and accompanied with Instructions for my Sister's Conduct with the Viscount; but Mr. *de Francheville's* superior Art rendered these Lessons useless.

The *Fair Villiers* no sooner received her Mother's Letter, than seizing the Opportunity given her by the Count *de Beaumont's* being gone a Shooting in the Park, or perhaps more properly to indulge the Melancholy into which his Jealousy had thrown

thrown him, she sought Mr. *de Francheville*, and shewed him the Contract. The Fear of being observed prevailed on her to trust it in his Hands; but when she would have taken it back, the Viscount, with an Air of Veracity, told her, that if he must write such another, it was necessary he should keep it for a Copy. My Sister, unwillingly, consented to leave it with him; but, in the Situation she then thought her Affairs, she durst not offend him by a Refusal.

The Viscount *de Francheville* no sooner got Possession of a Paper of so much Consequence to the Marquis *de Beaumont*, and his Son, than to avoid drawing upon the young Count the Reproaches of his Family, he went to seek him in the Park; he found him sitting under the Shade of a Tree, in the Posture of a Man lost in Thought; the only Arms he had was a Gun, which lay near him, and Mr. *de Francheville* was without any. *De Beaumont* did not perceive the Viscount till he came up to him, and being at that time an absolute Prey to that tormenting Passion Jealousy, as soon as he saw him,  
 rising



rising hastily, he asked, What brought him thither ? that if he came to impart his Success with Mademoiselle *de Villiers*, he must confess he was not in a Humour to listen to it.

“ My dear Count, answered *Franchewille*, I do not come, either with an Intention, or in a Condition, to insult you ; my Design, on the contrary, is to render you the greatest Service which may perhaps ever be in my Power.

“ I do not understand you,” said the Count, with some Surprise.

“ Mademoiselle *de Villiers* is indeed the Occasion of my interrupting you, replied the Viscount ; she imposes on your Love ; you have had the Generosity, or rather the Weakness, to give her a Promise of Marriage. —

“ Heavens ! cried the Count, what do I hear ! From whom have you received this Intelligence ? From herself, Sir, answered the Viscount ; she has done more, she has sacrificed it to me,  
“ and

“ and I came to restore it to you. Here it  
 “ is, receive it from a Friend, who—

“ Stay, Sir, interrupted young *Beau-*  
 “ *mont* with a Composure which startled  
 “ *Francheville*; it is not here, nor in this  
 “ manner, that this Pledge of my Love  
 “ should be returned to me; with my  
 “ Sword I ought to force both that and  
 “ your Life at once from you—

“ Hear me, for Heaven’s Sake, cried  
 “ the Viscount, I renounce for ever—

“ Do not act with Meanness, Sir, con-  
 “ tinued the Count; the Anger which fills  
 “ my Soul shall not make me guilty of  
 “ any, taking up his Gun and shooting  
 “ it off at random, but I will go to the  
 “ Park-gate, where I shall expect you.  
 “ Meet me there, properly armed for  
 “ your own Defence, or you will entirely  
 “ forfeit my good Opinion.

“ Oh! Count, what Madness is this!  
 “ to what do you reduce me,” cried Mr.  
 “ *de Francheville*, following young *Beau-*  
 “ *mont*, who returned with the utmost Speed  
 to

to the Castle, without giving the least Attention to what the Viscount said. But by good Fortune all Ears were not equally deaf to his Exclamations; for repeating them several times, in a pretty loud Voice, in order to make himself heard by the young Count, the old Count *de St. Furcy* caught the Sound. Chance had brought him into the Park, where hearing the Report of the Gun, he came to the Place from which he imagined it to be shot, and found Mr. *de Francheville* with extreme Despair imprinted on his Countenance; with Hands and Eyes lifted up to Heaven he stood motionless, when Mr. *de St. Furcy* addressed him.

“ How great is the Consternation in  
 “ which I find you, my dear Viscount !  
 “ cried he; I am terrified at your Distress.  
 “ Good Heaven ! can a Misfortune have  
 “ befallen you which I dare not suffer  
 “ my Imagination to anticipate ? Speak,  
 “ tell me quickly, the Cause of these  
 “ Emotions ; a Gun fired, and your De-  
 “ spair, are alarming Circumstances ; and  
 “ while I complain of your Silence, I  
 “ tremble

“ tremble for fear of the Information for  
 “ which I ask.

“ Oh ! Sir, answered the Viscount, I  
 “ am the most wretched Being in the  
 “ World; but do not be alarmed, I have  
 “ nothing fatal wherewith I can reproach  
 “ myself ; and the Condition in which  
 “ you have found me, is rather the Ef-  
 “ fect of Fear than of Repentance. My  
 “ Situation is indeed most severely af-  
 “ flicting to a Man of Courage and Inte-  
 “ grity. I want Advice, and no one is so  
 “ proper as yourself to direct my Con-  
 “ duct. Pity the Extremity to which I  
 “ am reduced, in being under a Necessity  
 “ of wounding the Marquis *de Beaumont*  
 “ in what is most dear to him, or being  
 “ esteemed a Coward by his Son. I  
 “ could indeed prevent the first of these  
 “ Misfortunes, but it must be by an In-  
 “ discretion of which I can not bear to  
 “ be guilty ; for even this Indiscretion  
 “ would affect the Marquis in a very ten-  
 “ der Point, would entirely deprive me  
 “ of the Count's Friendship, and make  
 “ me appear despicable to him ; and,  
 “ what is still more, would destroy the  
 “ Repu-



“ Reputation of a young Lady, and do  
 “ an irreparable Injury to a Family, who  
 “ deserve from me Respect and Friend-  
 “ ship.

“ I understand you, Sir, replied the  
 “ Count ; *Mademoiselle de Villiers* is the  
 “ fatal Cause of all this Disturbance. I  
 “ foresaw what has now happened; it was  
 “ contrary to my Advice that she was in-  
 “ vited to live here; her Sister would  
 “ have been much more proper in every  
 “ Respect. But since Chance has brought  
 “ me here, and you do me the Honor  
 “ to have some Confidence in me, I hope  
 “ a little Thought and Prudence may  
 “ teach us a Means of adjusting this Affair,  
 “ without hurting the Delicacy, the Ho-  
 “ nor, the Reputation, or the Interest,  
 “ of any one. Tell me then, freely, on  
 “ what Terms you are with the Mar-  
 “ quis's Son ?

“ Alas ! Sir, answered the Viscount, I  
 “ came hither with an Intention to serve  
 “ him ; he would not hear me, but giv-  
 “ ing himself up to Rage and Jealousy,  
 “ after firing his Gun in the Air, the  
 “ Report

“ Report of which reached you, he chal-  
 “ langed me to meet him at the Park-  
 “ gate, properly armed, to give him Sa-  
 “ tisfaction for a fancied Injury, which I  
 “ never had a Thought of committing;  
 “ nor should what I said have raised in  
 “ him any such Suspicions.

“ You need say no more, my dear  
 “ *Francheville*, replied the Count, I ask  
 “ no farther Explanation. Go fetch your  
 “ Sword, you shall find me here, and  
 “ we will go together to the Place ap-  
 “ pointed, from whence I promise myself  
 “ we shall return without shedding any  
 “ Blood; and that this Misunderstanding  
 “ will cement, rather than divide, the  
 “ Friendship between you, and the Count  
 “ *de Beaumont*.

During the time the Viscount had spent  
 in Conversation with the Count *de St.*  
*Furcy*, and in fetching his Sword, another  
 Scene had been exhibited in the Castle.  
 The young Count, in the Transports of  
 his Rage, no sooner entered the Castle,  
 than he sought the *Fair Villiers*, in order  
 to vent Part of his furious Passion in  
 the

the Reproaches she deserved ; but he found her in his Sister's Apartment. Mademoiselle *de Beaumont* soon perceived the Alteration in his Countenance, nor could the Anger impressed on it have escaped any one's Observation. The Count could whisper but few Words to my Sister, who cried out, " Oh ! Sir, what are you going to do ? " The Count left the Room instantly ; and Mademoiselle *de Beaumont* asked my Sister what occasioned her Exclamation, and the Count's sudden Departure. The *Fair Villiers* was too much alarmed to practise any Dissimulation, but answered, " Oh ! Madam, your Brother " is going to fight Mr. *de Francheville*.

Tho' Mademoiselle *de Beaumont* was terrified with what she heard, it did not deprive her of Strength or Presence of Mind. Without staying to make any Reply, she flew to her Father, and in few Words gave him the Information she had received.

The Marquis lost no time in Reflections, but ran to his Son's Apartment, where the Count had stopped to order  
his

his Servants to keep Horses in waiting for him at the Park-gate, which the Event of the Duel might render necessary. By this Delay the Father and the Son met there, as the latter was going out of it with all possible Haste, to meet the Viscount at the Place appointed.

“ Where are you going in such a  
 “ Hurry, Count, said the Marquis ? ”  
 “ To meet the Viscount *de Francheville* who  
 “ waits for me in the Park,” answered  
 the Count, but with so much Emotion in  
 his Countenance, that the Marquis no  
 longer doubted the Truth of the Intelli-  
 gence his Daughter had given him.

“ Stay a little, said the Marquis, and  
 “ tell me to what Use you design that  
 “ Sword, and what occasions the Agita-  
 “ tion you are in ? Answer me, my Son,  
 “ I am not a Man who would wish to  
 “ forbid any thing your Honor requires ;  
 “ but I insist on knowing against whom  
 “ you are thus armed.

“ Against the Viscount *de Francheville*,  
 “ Sir, answered the Count ; he has just  
 “ insulted



“ insulted me in the most insupportable  
 “ Manner ; and not to require Satisfac-  
 “ tion of him would throw an eternal  
 “ Stain on my Honor.

“ You surprize me extremely, replied  
 “ the Marquis, for I know *Francbeville's*  
 “ Prudence. But if he really has treated  
 “ you improperly, I will myself see how  
 “ well you can repel an Injury.

“ Oh ! Sir, cried the Count, can you  
 “ have such a Thought ? *Mr. de Francbe-*  
 “ *ville* will suppose that —

“ Have no Apprehensions of that Sort,  
 “ interrupted the Marquis, I shall speak  
 “ to him in such a Manner that he shall  
 “ have no Reason to imagine either of  
 “ us capable of Cowardice.

“ But, my dear Father, added the  
 “ Count —

The Marquis would not suffer him to  
 proceed, but continued, “ Take such  
 “ Measures as you think proper, Son,  
 “ but

“ but I shall not leave you till I have  
 “ seen the End of this Affair.

Obedience was unavoidable. The Father and Son went together to the Park-gate, where they found the Viscount and the Count *de St. Furcy* waiting. “ Are  
 “ you here! said the Marquis to the  
 “ Count *de St. Furcy* (laughing), this has  
 “ quite the Air of a *partie quarree*. I was  
 “ in the right to insist on being my Son’s  
 “ Second, since the Viscount has chosen  
 “ you for his. Let us begin by an Em-  
 “ brace, my dear Marquis, answered Mr.  
 “ *de St. Furcy*, our Presence may not be  
 “ useless here. But before we take part  
 “ in the Quarrel between these young  
 “ Gentlemen, I think it is but proper  
 “ we should be made acquainted with  
 “ the Cause of it. Our Experience gives  
 “ us no bad Title to be looked upon as  
 “ competent Judges of a Point of Ho-  
 “ nor between two Champions of their  
 “ Age.

“ My dear Sir, said the Viscount *de*  
 “ *Francheville*, laying his Sword at the  
 “ Marquis’s Feet, do not imagine that  
 “ any

“ any thing could oblige me to fight with  
 “ your Son; far from designing to offend  
 “ him, Mr. *de St. Furcy* knows my In-  
 “ tention: to him I have laid open my  
 “ Heart ; he knows —

“ Hold, Sir, interrupted the Count *de*  
 “ *Beaumont*, since you have revealed the  
 “ Secret which I wished to conceal, I  
 “ will not, however, consent that my  
 “ Father should learn it from any one  
 “ but myself ; I frankly acknowledge, Sir,  
 “ that I love Mademoiselle *de Villiers*.”

The Viscount vainly endeavored to in-  
 terpose, assuring him, that he had never  
 divulged any thing that he had chosen to  
 suppress. The Count *de St. Furcy*, glad  
 to know the Truth of the Affair, would  
 not let Mr. *de Francheville* proceed ; and  
 the young Count *de Beaumont* continued  
 to inform his Father, and the Count *de*  
*St. Furcy*, of all the Particulars of which  
 they were ignorant. He declared the va-  
 rious Emotions of his Mind, acknowledged  
 his Jealousy of the Viscount, and the Rage  
 he had conceived at the Sight of the Pro-  
 mise of Marriage he had given to Made-  
 moiselle *de Villiers* ; and which she had  
 sacrificed

sacrificed to his Rival. — At the Name of a Promise of Marriage the Marquis could not restrain Anger so justly excited.

“ How, Sir! said he to his Son, have  
 “ you, in contempt of my Authority,  
 “ dared to engage yourself by Contract?  
 “ What must the Count *de St. Furcy* think  
 “ of you, after he had done you the Honour  
 “ to promise you his Daughter?  
 “ Begone from my Sight; you are no  
 “ longer worthy either of her or me.

“ Are you satisfied, *Francheville*, said  
 “ young *Beaumont*? is it enough that your  
 “ Indiscretion has at once deprived me  
 “ of my Mistress, my Father’s Affection,  
 “ and the Count’s Friendship? Cease to  
 “ insult me, Sir, replied the Viscount,  
 “ I appeal to the Count *de St. Furcy*; he  
 “ can testify my Discretion. Had it not  
 “ been for your own Imprudence, he,  
 “ and all the World, had still remained  
 “ ignorant both of what my Friendship  
 “ had prompted me to do for you, and  
 “ of the Injury you did me in misinterpreting  
 “ my Actions. And I must do  
 “ myself the Justice to assure you, that  
 “ I



“ I did not extract from Mademoiselle *de*  
 “ *Villiers* the Knowledge of your Contract;  
 “ she herself frankly told me of it, and  
 “ offered to sacrifice it to me upon Con-  
 “ dition that I would engage myself to  
 “ her in the same Manner. This Propo-  
 “ sal changed my Love into Indignation,  
 “ and I pretended to take Time to consi-  
 “ der of it, only to procure this Paper,  
 “ in order to restore it to you; and to  
 “ render you sensible by my Persuasions,  
 “ and by my Example, how greatly the  
 “ Object of your Wishes was unworthy  
 “ of the Sentiments you entertained for  
 “ her.

The young Count was, by this Expla-  
 nation, so overcome with Confusion, for  
 the Errors he had been under, that he  
 threw himself first at his Father's Feet,  
 then at the Viscount's, to ask Pardon of  
 the one, and to make the other the most  
 affecting Excuses, for his Heat of Tem-  
 per, and Indiscretion. He confessed that  
 his Heart suffered very sensibly in for-  
 saking Mademoiselle *de Villiers*. But to  
 give the Marquis a more certain Proof of  
 his sincere Return to Obedience and Rea-  
 son,

son, he put into his Hands the Promise my Sister had given him, and desired the Viscount to do the same with the other Part of the Contract. But he begged as a Favor of his Father, not to suffer this Affair to lessen his Friendship for Monsieur and Madame *de Villiers*, and that the whole Adventure might be kept from their Knowledge. The Count *de St. Furcy*, who had a very great Esteem for my Father, and a sincere Affection for me, pleaded in our Favor; till the Marquis, satisfied with his Behavior, looked upon him with his usual Tenderness, and promised all they asked, as much out of Regard for my Father and Mother, as in Compliance with our kind Protectors. But it was agreed that the *Fair Villiers* should be sent home to her Parents.

I never learnt exactly what passed when these four Gentlemen returned to the Castle, nor in the succeeding Day; there is Reason to believe that the *Fair Villiers* was not so much caress'd as usual; but, in short, early the next Day my Mother received a Note from the Marchioness *de Beaumont*, who sent her Equipage, and

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an Invitation to Dinner. The Marchioness desired her to bring me, and at the same time, whatever might be necessary for my making some Stay at *Beaumort*; giving her to understand, that being her God-daughter, it was but reasonable I should likewise, in my Turn, give her Daughter the Pleasure of my Company. Madame *de Villiers* no sooner received this Letter than she sent for me, and in a Voice full of Indignation and Resentment, giving me the Marchioness's Letter. " There  
 " Madam, read that, I suppose you will  
 " there see the Effects of your artful  
 " Schemes. I trembled while I perused the Letter, and was so surprized at the Contents of it, that I could scarcely believe what I read; it did not even give me Pleasure. Whatever Uneasiness I suffered from the Aversion and ill Treatment of Madame *de Villiers*, I esteemed myself so happy in the tender Affection of my Father, that I looked with Terror on the Prospect of being separated from him, perhaps for a long time. These Sensations, added to the Necessity I saw myself under of destroying the Suspicions I found my Mother had conceived, made me,  
 after

after I had read the Marchionefs's Letter,  
answer without Hesitation.

“ Indeed, Madam, I have no way con-  
 “ tributed to the Invitation Madame  
 “ *de Beaumont* makes me; I can even  
 “ with Truth assure you, that her Good-  
 “ ness gives me more Concern than Plea-  
 “ sure; I know what I must leave, and  
 “ am ignorant what I shall meet with  
 “ there. I readily agree with you, that  
 “ my Sister is more proper to live, and to  
 “ succeed, in the great World. In short,  
 “ Madam, we are both entirely at your  
 “ Disposal, and I shall be perfectly well  
 “ contented to remain at home, if you  
 “ order it.

“ As for what would please or content  
 “ you, it is of no Signification, answered  
 “ Madame *de Villiers*; one knows very  
 “ well that Nature has not made you to  
 “ be looked at; but since the Marchi-  
 “ oness is desirous of having so pretty an  
 “ Ornament in her House, get yourself  
 “ ready to go with me, I give you my  
 “ Word you will not stay there long. I  
 left the Room without making any An-



swer, went directly to my Father, and, with Tears in my Eyes, acquainted him with the Contents of the Marchioness's Letter, and the Orders I had just received from my Mother. He appeared as much affected with it as I was, and for some time seemed disturbed and thoughtful, but recovering himself, and taking me in his Arms with his usual Tenderness, " I have  
 " great Reason to fear, said he, with a  
 " Sigh, that your Sister's Behavior has  
 " given some Offence. This is a Lesson to  
 " you, my dear Child, for you must ac-  
 " cept the Marchioness's Invitation, and  
 " endeavor to render yourself worthy of  
 " her Friendship, and of the Esteem of  
 " that excellent Family. Your Disposi-  
 " tion sufficiently assures me that you  
 " will succeed. The Hopes of your  
 " improving your Situation, are very  
 " necessary, my dearest Child, to recon-  
 " cile me to sacrifice, as I now do, all  
 " my present Joy in Life, to the Trust  
 " and Confidence I have in your Pru-  
 " dence.

I was incapable of making my Father  
 any Answer; insensible to every thing  
 but

but the Pain of leaving him ; my Grief not only extinguished every other Thought, but even deprived me of the Power of expressing it any otherwise than by Tears.

My Father was not less afflicted than myself at our Separation, but he had more Strength of Mind ; he advised me immediately to prepare all Things for my Departure, that I might not make my Mother wait, who wanted no such Provocations to be sufficiently out of Humor with me. When I had obeyed his Orders, I went into my Mother's Apartment, where my Father came just as we were going to set out. Madame *de Villiers* shewed him the Marchioness's Letter, saying, " I wonder what she means to do with that little *Monster* ; I fancy she will be soon tired of her.

" Dear Madam, replied my Father,  
 " why will you be for ever trying to mortify this poor Child ? Believe me, Beauty  
 " is not so necessary, as you imagine, to enable a Person to gain the World's  
 " Esteem ; such Goodness of Heart and  
 " Understanding as I have discovered in  
 D 3 " her,

“ her, often contribute much more to-  
 “ wards it ; and I flatter myself she will  
 “ conduct herself in such a Manner, as  
 “ shall sufficiently supply every thing  
 “ else that is wanting in her.

My Mother shrugged up her Shoulders,  
 but made no other Answer, and we set  
 out. When we came to the Count of  
*Beaumont's*, my Mother led me to the  
 Marchioness's Apartment, whom I had  
 not seen for seven or eight Months. Ma-  
*demoiselle de Beaumont* and my Sister  
 were with her. My Mother's first Ad-  
 dress was as follows ; “ Indeed Madam,  
 “ nothing less than your Orders could  
 “ have induced me to bring hither my  
 “ youngest Daughter ; she is not formed  
 “ to appear in the World.

“ Why not ? Madam, answered the  
 “ Marchioness ; I think she is much  
 “ grown, and well-shaped ; her Com-  
 “ plexion is greatly improved, and if she  
 “ is not as handsome as her Sister, the  
 “ Sweetness of her Countenance, and the  
 “ Sense and Spirit in her Eyes, make full  
 “ Reparation for what may be wanting  
 “ in

“ in the Regularity of her Features. Let  
 “ me embrace you, my dear God-daugh-  
 “ ter, continued the Marchioness, what-  
 “ ever others may say, I love your Per-  
 “ son extremely. She then introduced  
 me to her Daughter, who embraced me  
 with Pleasure, or indeed, to speak more  
 truly, with Joy; adding, in an affection-  
 ate Manner, I am much obliged to you,  
 Madam, for favoring me with your Com-  
 pany; and I cannot sufficiently acknow-  
 ledge the Obligations I am under to Ma-  
 dame *de Villiers*, for having been so good  
 as to consent to it, and to my Mother  
 for having desired it. I answered her  
 Compliments with Bashfulness and Con-  
 fusion, and then went to embrace my  
 Sister, who received me coolly, and ap-  
 peared a good deal disconcerted. At this  
 time I was entirely ignorant of all I have  
 related, but I soon learnt it from Made-  
 moiselle *de Beaumont*, and the Count *de St.*  
*Furcy*. At length we all met at Dinner,  
 where I was much more carested than I  
 expected, every one trying to shew me  
 some Civility, and even to congratulate  
 Mademoiselle *Beaumont* upon her new and  
 amiable Companion. My Mother an-



swered to all the obliging Things that were addressed to me, and did it so, as to persuade me that the Company were turning me into Ridicule, or that they were flattering me in Compliment to the Marchioness and her. The Count *de St. Furcy* my God-father, was one of the most assiduous in the Appearances of Esteem and Friendship; he called me his Daughter, and always behaved to me as if I had been so. Every one observed that my Mother bore with great Impatience the Civilities I received; she let slip no Opportunity of mortifying me; and I had the Satisfaction of seeing all the Company undertake my Defence. After Dinner the Marquis and Marchioness *de Beaumont* had a private Conversation with my Mother and Sister, in the Marquis's Apartment; no part of which ever came to my Knowledge; all that I learnt was, that having gone into the Coach, without returning to the Company with whom I remained, my Mother had been seen to go out of the Castle in a kind of Fury, with Rage in her Countenance, and my Sister with Tears in her Eyes. I have since been told, by my Father, that the Marchioness

made

made my Sister a very considerable Present.

After having lived almost unseen till I was more than fourteen Years old, here am I at last entered the World, and in a Situation to make myself known. The Success that attended my first Appearance at the Castle of *Beaumont* continued, or rather increased, with the Opportunities of becoming acquainted with my Disposition, and some Qualifications for which I was entirely indebted to Nature. As I had continually been told I was a *Monster*, I really believed it; and had employed my utmost Endeavors to cultivate some natural Talents, and acquire such Accomplishments, as might make me endured in Society. I was born gay and lively, without ever having dared to appear so. I had a very good Voice, of which I had made but little Use, not knowing that it was fine; it was only by the Praises which the Marchioness and her Daughter gave it, that I found it had naturally almost all the Graces of Manner, which are so difficult to acquire by Art and Care.

Mademoiselle *de Beaumont* had a very fine Voice, which had the additional Advantage of being improved by the best Music Masters, from whom she had learnt to play perfectly well on the Harpsichord. Tho' from my Situation Complaisance seemed more particularly required of me, yet this young Lady was so obliging as to instruct me, and communicate to me, all the Knowledge which she had acquired in Music. I found in this amiable Friend all the Attentions, and even all the Tenderness, I had been accustomed to receive from my Father, which alone enabled me to bear his Absence without great Regret. Her Friendship gave me the Means of acquitting myself of some Part of the Obligations she conferred; she began to take more Pleasure in reading than she had done before, and it was greatly to the Satisfaction of my Gratitude, that I had the good Fortune to lead her into such Studies, as could enlighten, and instruct, at the same time they amused. Insensibly our Studies and Amusements became general. The Marquis *de Beaumont* and his Lady, who  
was

was herself very elegantly accomplished, were both passionately fond of Music. The old Count *de St. Furcy* liked it, but had a real Love for Learning. The young Count *de Beaumont*, and the Chevalier *de Francheville*, played upon different Instruments; the Count *de St. Furcy's* Son had a good Voice, and sung with Judgment, so that few Days passed which were not either spent in Reading, or enlivened by a Concert. I was generally chosen for the Reader, and was obliged to my Father for being able to acquit myself of it with the Approbation of the Company. The Viscount *de Francheville* indeed, who had a very improved Understanding, shared this Office with me, an Employment greatly suited to his Taste. If I was to add to those little Details which I thought necessary to make my Situation the better known, that every one seemed to have forgot that I was ugly; that all those fine Gentlemen paid me Court, and endeavored to please me, I should have summed up in a few Words every thing that could bear the least Relation to myself, for about a Year and a half of the Time I spent at the Count *de Beaumont's*.



*Beaumont's*. Madame *de Villiers* made some Visits there, but not so frequently as formerly. My Sister would never enter the House; and every time my Mother came she went away with a secret Vexation at seeing the Regard shewn me, and the Respect which I had acquired. My Father, on the contrary, who sometimes accompanied her, but oftener paid his Compliments to the Marquis alone, encouraged me to increase my Endeavors of deserving still more and more, the Esteem with which I was honored. It was in a Visit which he made about this time, that after having as usual taken me in private, he told me he had, within a few Months past, made Acquaintance with a Gentleman named *Dorigny*, of about forty Years of Age, who was in such Circumstances as enabled him to offer a genteel Fortune to any Woman he should marry; that this Gentleman had just bought a very pretty Estate in the Neighborhood of *Villiers*; that he had a sincere Affection for my Sister, and had even proposed Marriage to her; but that Madame *de Villiers* and my Sister had rejected his Proposals; which

which had very much afflicted poor *Dorigny*.

“ He has begged, continued my Father, that I would introduce him to the Marquis *de Beaumont*, and I am now going to ask Permission to comply with his Request. I wish, my dear Child, that you may please him, it would be a very agreeable Establishment. I have said nothing of it to him, nor shall I, till you have seen him, and have formed some Judgment of his Disposition, which appears to me good-natured and sociable. I shall then regulate my Proceedings by your Choice, and according to the Inclinations of both.

“ How many Acknowledgments are due to you, my dearest Father! I answered; I must first assure you that I never shall have any Inclinations, nor any Will but yours; you will however permit me to make a few Observations on what you have been saying. This Mr. *Dorigny* is now engaged in a very strong Passion for my Sister, which in  
“ other

“ other Words is to say, for a most  
 “ charming Woman. If there was any  
 “ Chance that with my Person I could  
 “ efface her Image in his Heart, do you  
 “ think my Mother and Sister would  
 “ ever forgive my having encroached on  
 “ the Privileges of my elder Sister? Alas!  
 “ you know whether such an Excuse is  
 “ necessary to make them — I dare not  
 “ say hate me; but you are sufficiently  
 “ acquainted with their Sentiments. Con-  
 “ sider likewise, my dear Father, that I  
 “ am now placed in the most happy Si-  
 “ tuation; that I never formed a Wish  
 “ to be married; that there is the greatest  
 “ Reason to believe that Mademoiselle *de*  
 “ *Beaumont* (whom I sincerely love) will  
 “ in every Station, to which she may ar-  
 “ rive, always preserve the same Good-  
 “ ness and Affection with which she now  
 “ honors me. What Husband could  
 “ render me more happy than I am  
 “ with her? In short, Sir, can the most  
 “ amiable Women long preserve the Love  
 “ and Esteem of their Husbands? As for  
 “ Love, I am formed neither to give it,  
 “ nor to render it lasting; and how,  
 “ without Love, can a Husband have  
 “ for

“ for me those Attentions, which, wehn  
 “ mutual, alone constitute the Happiness  
 “ of a married Life ?

“ You are under a Mistake, my  
 “ dear, interrupted my Father; in Mar-  
 “ riage, Beauty has less Power over the  
 “ Hearts of Men than you imagine;  
 “ Possession too often deprives it of its  
 “ Charms, and effaces all its Merits;  
 “ the Understanding and Goodness of the  
 “ Heart and Temper, can only create a  
 “ lasting Passion. I do not know whe-  
 “ ther I am blindly deceived by you,  
 “ but I think that whoever shall at one  
 “ time be obliged to love you, shall not  
 “ be able to forbear doing so all his Life.  
 “ However, since you so much esteem  
 “ the Happiness of your present Situation,  
 “ and believe it so lasting, I shall never  
 “ force you to any thing that may de-  
 “ prive you of a certain Blessing, and  
 “ perhaps give you Reason to regret the  
 “ Loss of it. You shall look on Mr.  
 “ *Dorigny* with as much Indifference as  
 “ you please; depend upon it I will never  
 “ lay any Constraint on your Inclina-  
 “ tions.

“ You



“ You are too good, and too kind,  
 “ my dearest Father, replied I ; but be  
 “ assured that no Consideration shall ever  
 “ have the Power of lessening that entire  
 “ Obedience which I here profess always  
 “ to shew to your least Inclinations.

We joined the Company. My Father  
 proposed to the Marquis and Marchioness  
 to introduce *Dorigny* to them, which was  
 readily accepted, and he went away. In  
 less than a Week my Father returned to  
*Beaumont* with Mr. *Dorigny*, who was re-  
 ceived in the most agreeable Manner by  
 the Marquis and Marchioness, who were  
 excessively polite. They even persuaded  
 my Father and Mr. *Dorigny* to make a  
 little Stay with them. Mr. *Dorigny*, whom  
 I observed narrowly, without the least In-  
 tention of appropriating him, was a hand-  
 some Man, rather fat, but his Shape pre-  
 vented his appearing too much so. His  
 Manner was gentle and polite ; Openness,  
 Sincerity, and Complaisance, were his  
 greatest Merits ; altho’ his Understanding,  
 which indeed was but moderate, was ne-  
 vertheless equal to the general Turn of  
 Con-

Conversation in what we call good Company. He had even Sense enough to know how to keep silence when the Subjects of Discourse were rather above his Capacity. Such was the Man whom my Voice was destined to captivate in the following Manner.

The Day after those Gentlemen came to *Beaumont*, my Father and Mr. *Dorigny* were to be entertained with our Concert; one Act of the Opera of *Iffé* was chosen for the Performance. I sung her Part; and the young Count *de St. Furcy* that of *Philemon*, or of *Apollo*, under the Disguise of a Shepherd. I suppose my singing the Scene of Acknowledgment with uncommon Expression and Warmth, was the Occasion, that when I was at those Words, "Oh! cure then the Love I feel for thee," the young Count *de St. Furcy* was so much affected, that endeavoring in his turn to sing, "Oh cease my fair *Iffé*, see how my Tears flow!" he in reality shed them in such Abundance that he could not go on. I perceived it, and was not a little affected myself. The young Count *de Beaumont*, who accompanied our Voices,  
fell

fell into such a Fit of Laughter, as offended the good-natured *Dorigny*; we had not taken any notice of him till he bluntly attacked Monsieur *de Beaumont*. “ Upon  
 “ my Word, Sir, said he (sobbing most  
 “ bitterly) I do not know what you find  
 “ to excite Laughter. I readily agree with  
 “ poor *Philemon*, one must weep, one  
 “ must adore any one who sings with so  
 “ much Expression.—Oh! my dear Sir,  
 “ cried *St. Furcy*, let me embrace you!  
 “ how exactly my Opinion agrees with  
 “ yours! The Warmth with which these  
 “ two Gentlemen spoke suspended my  
 “ Tears, and I endeavored to conceal,  
 “ under the Veil of Bashfulness, an Im-  
 “ pression from which I could not defend  
 “ my Heart, without well knowing what  
 “ I did. I proposed our singing some less  
 “ tender Scene, the old Count *de St.*  
 “ *Furcy* would not permit it.

“ No, no, said he, you could not  
 “ make a better Choice; and you would  
 “ find it difficult to efface the Impression  
 “ you have just made.

The

The Concert ended, and every one complimented me on my Performance. Mr. *Dorigny* waited till others had done, and then contrived to give me his Approbation at a little Distance from the Company.

“ Madam, said he to me, I never in  
 “ my Life heard any thing that gave me  
 “ so much Pleasure as your Voice ; nor  
 “ did my Heart ever before feel such  
 “ Sensations as your singing excited. I  
 “ should have been very fortunate had I  
 “ known you before I saw your Sister,  
 “ perhaps I might not have been exposed  
 “ to the Mortification of a Repulse.

This Speech of *Dorigny*’s threw me into greater Confusion than the Compliments of all the rest of the Company. I was obliged to appear ignorant of the Meaning of his Hint about my Sister ; and I would not understand what was more particularly applied to me, and returned for Answer ;  
 “ Sir, I am very happy if it has been in  
 “ my Power to give you any Entertain-  
 “ ment ; it is the most agreeable Success  
 “ so



“ so trifling an Accomplishment can  
“ hope.

Young *St Furcy*, who had hitherto been silent, came up to us, and heard my Answer; he even interrupted it, and gave me time to recover my Confusion.

“ I do not know, Madam, said he,  
“ if the Pleasure of listening to you is  
“ only an Amusement to this Gentleman;  
“ but for my Part I am certain, that  
“ when gazing on so tender and charming an *Iffè*, if I was not *Apollo*, I should  
“ expire with Grief and Jealousy at the  
“ Sight of his Happiness.

“ You are very polite, Gentlemen, I  
“ replied to both; and this is what one  
“ may call acting a Burletta after an  
“ Opera; you have no Reason to complain, Count; were not you my *Apollo*  
“ all the time the Opera lasted?

“ That Happiness fled like a Dream, answered the Count, following me, for I returned to the Company as fast as I could, without attending to any thing more, or  
answering

answering so much Gallantry. I have very fully related this little Incident, because it was, in Effect, the Cause of those which, through my Life, have most affected me.

My Father intended to leave us the next Morning, but he would not return to *Villiers* without a farther Conversation with me; and informing me of the kind Intentions towards me, which Mr. *Dorigny* had communicated to him. He came to me therefore before his Departure, and gave me an Account of the Conversation he had with *Dorigny* the Night before. “ What I foresaw, my dear  
 “ Child, said my Father, has happened ;  
 “ poor *Dorigny* is half distracted since he  
 “ heard you sing ; he talks of nothing  
 “ else ; and he told me last Night, that  
 “ it was in your Power to recompense  
 “ him for your Sister’s Cruelty. He is  
 “ enchanted with your Modesty and Pru-  
 “ dence ; he is charmed with the Answer  
 “ you made yesterday to his Compli-  
 “ ment, and still more pleased with the  
 “ Vivacity of your Reply to the Count  
 “ *de St. Furcy*’s Gallantry. It is true he  
 “ suspects

“ suspects that young Nobleman of pay-  
 “ ing his Addresses to you ; but, my  
 “ Dear, your Sister’s Example, and the  
 “ Disgrace and Mortifications which her  
 “ Conduct have drawn on her, and which  
 “ I have not made a Secret of to you,  
 “ should put you on your Guard against  
 “ the seducing Arts of Youth and Vanity.  
 “ I know your Heart, your Virtue, and  
 “ your good Sense ; I have nothing more  
 “ to say, I put therein an entire Confi-  
 “ dence ; consider, that if you see any  
 “ Danger, *Dorigny* offers you an honor-  
 “ able Means of avoiding it.

“ My dearest Father, I replied, I can-  
 “ not prevail on myself to use any Diffi-  
 “ mulation with you ; whatever Obliga-  
 “ tion I may think myself under to Mr.  
 “ *Dorigny*, I freely confess to you, that I  
 “ can have no other Sentiments for him  
 “ than the Esteem he deserves, and the  
 “ Gratitude which his generous Behavior  
 “ inspires. As for his Person, I see it is  
 “ impossible for me to like it ; a Dislike  
 “ which, tho’ unjust, I fear, is invincible,  
 “ is all that I can oppose to your Will,  
 “ if I was not determined to submit en-  
 “ tirely

“ tirely to it. But I am sure you are too  
 “ sensible of the Constraint you might  
 “ lay me under to determine to do it. As  
 “ for the Count *de St. Furcy’s* Compli-  
 “ ments, I do not think that either you  
 “ or I should be alarmed at them ; it is  
 “ the common Language of young Gen-  
 “ tlemen bred at Court, and what they  
 “ say is without any Consequences ; there  
 “ is no one here who has not said the  
 “ same Things to me an hundred times,  
 “ and hitherto I have paid no Attention  
 “ to such Flattery. I believe I can de-  
 “ pend upon myself for the same Beha-  
 “ vior for the future ; and if at any time  
 “ I were to have the Misfortune of think-  
 “ ing otherwise, my Heart should inform  
 “ you of it, as soon as it has itself made  
 “ the Discovery. You have, my dear  
 “ Sir, a decent Pretence for making Mr.  
 “ *Dorigny* grow cool in his Pursuit, if not  
 “ for absolutely depriving him of all  
 “ Hopes, in giving him to understand,  
 “ that it is neither convenient to your  
 “ Affairs, nor proper, to think of a Hus-  
 “ band for me before my elder Sister is  
 “ married.

“ Very



“ Very well, answered my Father,  
 “ leaving me, I ask no more ; and since  
 “ you consent that I shall not entirely de-  
 “ prive *Dorigny* of all Hope, I may per-  
 “ haps satisfy him. We then embraced  
 and parted.

I had given no Attention to what the  
 young Count *de St. Furcy* said to me at  
 the Concert the Night before, and was  
 perfectly sincere in every thing I told my  
 Father. But, as I profess a strict Ad-  
 herence to Truth, I must here confess  
 that Monsieur *de Villiers* and Mr. *Dorigny*  
 were scarcely gone, before I began to re-  
 collect the Lecture, and the kind of Re-  
 proach which Mr. *Dorigny's* Suspicions  
 had drawn upon me from my Father.  
 This brought distinctly to my Remem-  
 brance, the tender Impressions our Opera  
 made on the young Count *de St. Furcy*,  
 his uncommon Warmth in the Compli-  
 ment he made me, and his last Words  
 which I very well remembered, though I  
 pretended not to have heard them. All  
 these Circumstances now appeared to me  
 in a very different Light from what they  
 had

had done before. I grew thoughtful; I began to believe that nothing but extreme Tenderneſs could expreſs itſelf in ſuch paſſionate Terms as young *St. Furcy* had choſen. This Diſcovery made me tremble; and I felt a kind of Emotion, even in my Uneaſineſs, of which I had hitherto lived ignorant. I could not drive the Idea of the young Count *de St. Furcy* from my Thoughts, notwithſtanding my Endeavors, he was continually preſent to my Imagination, and appeared there with all the Charms, which Nature had lavished on him; I looked on him as excelling every one I had ever ſeen, both in Perſon, Underſtanding, and Diſpoſition; in ſhort, as the moſt amiable of all the agreeable young Men who were at the Caſtle of *Beaumont*. Nothing but a very ſtrict Examination of myſelf could have prevented my feeling very ſtrong Apprehenſions from the State of my Heart. I called to mind the Plainneſs of my Perſon; I appropriated to myſelf all the Mortifications which generally attend it. I ſummoned to my Aſſiſtance both the Humility this ſhould inſpire, and the Pride with which I was born.

E

“ How

“ How unfortunate am I (said I to  
 “ myself) impossible as it is for me to  
 “ inspire the least tender Sensation, to  
 “ flatter myself with a Belief of being the  
 “ Object of any one’s Love ! Shall my  
 “ Heart be guilty of so mean a Folly, as  
 “ to give itself up to a Passion to which  
 “ I can never expect a sincere Return.  
 “ No, I will either prevent such a Mis-  
 “ fortune, or punish myself for it. Fear  
 “ nothing, my dear Father, you have  
 “ in your own Hands the Punishment  
 “ which so blameable a Weakness de-  
 “ serves. Oh, *Dorigny*, how much shall  
 “ I be indebted to thee, if thy Hand saves  
 “ me from the Precipice, on whose Brink  
 “ I am now placed ! This last Thought  
 gave me some Ease. Having formed my  
 Resolution, I grew less afraid of *St. Furcy*,  
 or at least my Fears of being reduced to  
 adhere to this Resolution, made me endeavor  
 to think my Apprehensions ground-  
 less, and to persuade me that I had attri-  
 buted more Strength and Meaning to *St.*  
*Furcy’s* Words than he intended they  
 should express. I grew composed, or I  
 tried to appear so, and in effect no one  
 2 perceived

perceived the Emotions of my Mind. I even had some sufficient Reason to repent the Pain I had unnecessarily given myself; for instead of having any Cause to fear the Addresses of the Count *de St. Furcy*, for above a Month after, I might rather have wondered at his Coldness; he seldom spoke to me in Public, and sought no Occasion of seeing me in Private. It is true I rejoiced in it; but I must own I affected to seek too many Occasions for these Self-congratulations, for any one to believe they were sincere.

I often said to myself, “ Really I cannot but own I am much more obliged to Monsieur *de St. Furcy* for his Indifference, than for the Sentiments of which I suspected him; he has saved me by this means from a Resolution which would no doubt have made my Life very unhappy. Yes indeed, I am more obliged to him than he imagines. — I am but too sensible that these delicate Reflections were only an Excuse to myself for the Employment of my Thoughts; they gave me a Pretence to think of him, and to find out some Reason for esteeming

E 2

him;



him ; however I can as sincerely say that my Heart enjoyed a State of tolerable Tranquility.

At this time the Family began to talk seriously of marrying Mademoiselle *de Beaumont* ; she was above seventeen Years of Age. I have already said that the Marquis and Marchioness had very different Views, as to the Marriage of their Daughter, and that Mademoiselle *de Beaumont's* Heart had obeyed her Mother's Wishes in Favor of the Viscount her Cousin. The Marquis *de Beaumont* found therefore, in his Daughter's Inclinations, some Impediment to the Wishes which his long Intimacy with the Count *de St. Furcy* had inspired. Perhaps he might have got over this Difficulty, had not the Count *de St. Furcy* likewise confessed to him, that he perceived his Son had conceived an invincible Dislike to Marriage ; and they agreed, in order to accomplish their Views in Part, that Mademoiselle *de Beaumont* being granted to the Viscount *de Francheville*, the young Count *de Beaumont* should marry Mademoiselle *de St. Furcy*, who was then near nineteen Years old. As soon as those

those intended Marriages became public, every one made their Compliments on the Occasion.

My Father and Mr. *Dorigny* were not the last in paying their Respects; the latter found an Opportunity of telling me, that Monsieur *de Villiers* had made him extremely happy in giving him Hopes of my Hand, when my Sister should be married, owning it just that she should have the Preference. The only Answer I made was, that my Parents might depend on my Obedience to all their Commands. “ Madam, replied he, I have  
 “ Intentions which may in time make  
 “ some Compensations for the Dispro-  
 “ portion of our Ages; I have only di-  
 “ stant Relations, they are richer than I  
 “ am, and all my Fortune is an insuffi-  
 “ cient Recompence for the Happiness  
 “ you will confer.

I made him sensible that this Motive could have no Weight with me, and that in this Affair, as in all others, I acted only from a proper Deference to my Parents Inclinations.

Visits of Congratulation being frequent and numerous, obliged *Dorigny* to shorten his, and delivered me from his Importunities; but unfortunately he acquainted the Marchioness with his favorable Intentions for me; and this Lady, who interested herself much in my Welfare, looked on this Affair as the happiest Thing imaginable for me. *Dorigny* had twenty-five thousand Livres *per Annum*, of which the Estate he had bought in the Neighbourhood made Part, and he gave the Marchioness to understand that, upon marrying, he designed to settle all his Fortune upon me. Besides that *Dorigny* was a Man of Fashion, and had acquired Reputation in the Army, which he left, being then a Brigadier, upon the Account of a dangerous Wound of which he had been cured three Years before he fixed in the Country.

The Marchioness supposed it impossible I should entertain a Moment's Doubt of accepting the Proposal which she made to me in private that very Day. I did not think it right to give an absolute Refusal

fusal to such Offers, nor to employ any other Reasons for eluding the Acceptance of them, than my Father had given to *Dorigny*. I therefore made my Use of my Sister's Right of Seniority; at the same time acknowledged all possible Gratitude for her Goodness, and the Honor Mr. *Dorigny* was pleased to do me. But Madame *de Beaumont* would not allow any Weight to the Reason I alledged; and taking my Thanks for a real Consent, "Leave it to me, my Dear, said she, I  
 "undertake to settle this Affair in such a  
 "Manner as shall please every Person  
 "concerned in it. I perceived my Imprudence, but the Discovery came too late.

Nothing was now thought of but celebrating the Marriages of Mademoiselle *de Beaumont* with the Viscount of *Francheville*, and that of the young Count her Brother with Mademoiselle *de St. Furcy*. It was determined that the Count *de St. Furcy* her Brother should go to *Paris* to take her from the Convent, and bring her to *Beaumont*, where the Marriages were to be performed; and they talked of con-



cluding mine with *Dorigny* at the same time.

I have already said that for a Month past, the young Count *de St. Furcy* had avoided all Opportunities of seeing me, and affected to say very little to me, when he could not entirely avoid speaking. The Company had sometimes reproached him so much for his Neglect, as had excited Blushes in me, and thrown him into Confusion. His Father had often answered for him, giving us to understand that his Son resembled most young Men of his Age, in whom a Flame is soon raised, and still sooner extinguished. *St. Furcy* was on this Footing with me, and was preparing for his Journey to *Paris*, when the Night before his Departure, as I was walking *tête à tête* with *Mademoiselle de Beaumont*, the young Count *de Beaumont* and his Friend *St. Furcy* joined us.

“ Sister, said *Monsieur de Beaumont*, I  
 “ have been seeking you, in order to  
 “ communicate an Affair of some Im-  
 “ portance; *Mademoiselle de Villiers*, and  
 “ my future Brother-in-law, will give  
 “ me

“ me leave to speak to you in private.  
 “ My dear *St. Lucy*, addressing himself  
 “ to his Friend, we leave you in too  
 “ good Company, not to obtain an easy  
 “ Forgiveness from you.

He and *Mademoiselle de Beaumont*  
 then went to such a Distance from us,  
 that we could not hear them, and conse-  
 quently could not be heard by them. I  
 stood motionless, and greatly confounded.  
*St. Lucy* looked pale, distressed, and  
 trembling. My Countenance did not  
 shew much more Composure; I had sus-  
 pected, perhaps even accused him, of  
 something more than Indifference for me;  
 my own Situation, and that wherein I  
 saw him, made me believe that we were  
 equally embarrassed by a *tête à tête*, which  
 I supposed as unforeseen by him as by  
 myself. The Count recovered himself  
 first, and at last addressed me thus. —

“ In the Situation to which I am unfor-  
 “ tunately reduced, I ought to conceal  
 “ nothing from you; for Heaven’s Sake  
 “ hear me, and decide my Fate; I begin  
 “ by confessing that it is not Chance  
 “ which has brought me here. My

“ Friend the Count prevailed on his  
 “ Sister to draw you hither, in order to  
 “ procure me this happy Moment. For-  
 “ give him! forgive me! this innocent  
 “ Deceit; the Tenderness which I feel  
 “ for a much respected Father, whom  
 “ above all Things I fear to offend, at  
 “ once occasioned and excuses it. Alas!  
 “ he is but too well acquainted with my  
 “ Sentiments for you, and the Constraint  
 “ I have put on myself for above a  
 “ Month, must sufficiently shew you that  
 “ my Respect for him is equal to the  
 “ Passion you have inspired. Oh! Sir,  
 “ I answered, interrupting him, what have  
 “ you said! adding with Tears in my  
 “ Eyes; you are going to render all my  
 “ Life unhappy.

I had not power to say more, and *St.*  
*Furcy* continued, “ No, Madam, nothing  
 “ is more foreign to my Heart than so  
 “ cruel an Intention. I am but too sen-  
 “ sible that the Desire I should have of  
 “ making you happy is opposed on every  
 “ Side. But in my Situation surely I am  
 “ not unpardonable, in wishing to in-  
 “ form you that you cannot enjoy the  
 “ Happi-

“ Happiness which awaits you, without  
 “ depriving me of mine. I know the  
 “ cruel Torment with which your Friends  
 “ are preparing to wound my Heart ; but  
 “ I cannot bear the Thought of being a  
 “ Witness to it. I feel that all my Hopes  
 “ are blasted, you are going to become  
 “ the Wife of the too happy *Dorigny*.  
 “ Oh ! for Pity defer at least — Alas !  
 “ what are you doing ! I answered, you  
 “ hasten my Sufferings, and perhaps your  
 “ own.

“ What ! cried the Count, *Dorigny*  
 “ does not then possess your Heart, and  
 “ the Fear of making me at some time  
 “ happy, can engage you to sacrifice both  
 “ yourself and me. With what kind of  
 “ Hatred or Contempt must I have in-  
 “ spired you ! The Tears flowed fast  
 “ from his Eyes, which was not the Way  
 “ to make mine cease, and indeed over-  
 “ come with Tendernefs I shed many.

“ Oh ! Sir, said I, to what do you re-  
 “ duce me ! for Heaven’s Sake take Pity  
 “ of me ! What can I say ? Alas ! my Tears  
 “ must sufficiently convince you of your  
 “ Error.



“ Error. But whatsoever may be the  
 “ Inclination of my Heart, does not your  
 “ own Virtue set an Example which I  
 “ ought to follow, if I would deserve  
 “ your Esteem? You love your Father,  
 “ and look upon Obedience to him as a  
 “ sacred Duty; I have a most tender  
 “ Affection for my Father, and am still  
 “ more obliged to respect and submit to  
 “ his Will.

“ No, Madam, interrupted *St. Furcy*,  
 “ Fathers have not the cruel Power over  
 “ our Liberty which you assign to them;  
 “ mine could not prevail on me to marry  
 “ *Mademoiselle de Beaumont*; and since  
 “ you will follow my Example, imitate  
 “ me in my Resistance.

*St. Furcy* spoke with so much Warmth,  
 and our Attention was so entirely taken  
 up, that we did not see the Count his  
 Father was then just by us. “ You have  
 “ done well, Sir, said he coolly, to his  
 “ Son, to chuse this retired Corner as a  
 “ proper Place wherein to take leave of  
 “ *Mademoiselle de Villiers*; and I am  
 “ much obliged to her, for the great  
 “ Sensitive.

“ Sensibility she shews, and the Tears  
 “ she does you the Honor to shed for  
 “ your Departure ; but your Absence is  
 “ not to be quite long enough to cause so  
 “ much Affliction.

Monsieur and Mademoiselle *de Beaumont*, who I suppose saw the Count, joined us as soon as they could, making an Apology for having left us a Minute. Their Return saved us from the Perplexity we should have found in answering the Count, but could not lessen our Confusion. We all walked together towards the Castle; the old Count affecting not only Indifference but Gaiety, we were none of us able to take any Part in it. Mademoiselle *de Beaumont*, who was next me, made Signs which sufficiently explained to me the Concern she felt at my having been found with *St. Furcy*; but my Mind was not enough at ease to forgive her for having been the Occasion of it. When we got to the Castle, I retired to my Chamber, and gave myself up to Grief and painful Reflections.

“ Alas !

“ Alas ! said I to myself, as soon as I  
 “ was alone, how could I have avoided  
 “ the Snare that was laid for me, and  
 “ the Misfortune that afflicts me ? I am  
 “ then at last convinced that *St. Furcy* has  
 “ the most sincere and ardent Passion for  
 “ me. Good God ! how has that Passion  
 “ blinded him ! Could he prefer me to  
 “ *Mademoiselle de Beaumont*, to the most  
 “ amiable and most accomplished young  
 “ Woman in the World ? Well ! my Re-  
 “ solution is fixed, I will imitate his  
 “ Blindness, I will marry *Dorigny*. Yes,  
 “ my dear Father, I have pronounced  
 “ my own Sentence ; I promised you an  
 “ exact Account of every thing that could  
 “ in any way concern me, and of the  
 “ Sentiments with which I was suspected,  
 “ of having inspired the Count *de St.*  
 “ *Furcy*, altho’ without my Knowledge ;  
 “ you shall know the Whole, and shall  
 “ be the Master of my Destiny.

The Part I had determined to take  
 appeared to me inevitable, the Sincerity  
 of my Heart exacted it ; and I foresaw no  
 Recourse against the Misfortunes which I  
 was going to bring upon myself, but in  
 Madame

Madame *de Villiers's* Opposition, and an obstinate Adherence to the Preference due to an elder Sister. I wrote to my Father directly; my Letter was as follows.

“ I promised, my dearest Father, to  
 “ inform you of every thing in the Beha-  
 “ vior of the Count *de St. Furcy* which  
 “ bore any Relation to me. You know  
 “ how certain I thought myself of his  
 “ Indifference the last time I saw you. I  
 “ have just been deprived of this Cer-  
 “ tainty, without being able to avoid the  
 “ Opportunity, which gave the Count  
 “ the Means of laying his Heart open be-  
 “ fore me. Mr. *Dorigny's* Conjectures  
 “ were not ill grounded. Monsieur *de*  
 “ *St. Furcy* loves me, and with so strong  
 “ a Passion, that he cannot avoid the Dis-  
 “ pleasure of his Father, since he can no  
 “ longer doubt of my having been the  
 “ Cause (tho' very innocently) that his  
 “ Son refused to marry Mademoiselle *de*  
 “ *Beaumont*; thus the Thing happened.  
 Here I gave him a particular Account of  
 our Interview, just as my Readers have  
 had it, without omitting the least Circum-  
 stance; above all I did not neglect in-  
 forming



forming him, in what Manner we had been surprized by the old Count *de St. Furcy*, nor the short Reprimand he gave his Son in my Presence; after which I continued as follows. “ This, my dear  
 “ Father, is my greatest Affliction; notwithstanding all the Resolution with  
 “ which I had armed myself, notwithstanding his Innocence, my Tears betrayed a Secret against which I was not  
 “ on my Guard. Alas! I knew it not, nor did I suspect my Weakness, till  
 “ my Tears acquainted the unfortunate *St. Furcy* with it. He would not I am  
 “ sure have gained any Advantage from this forced Confession, but his Father  
 “ was witness of our Distress, he with Pleasure observed our Confusion; but,  
 “ alas! he could not penetrate into the secret Recesses of my Heart, or he  
 “ would have seen, that the Instant his Son pressed me to promise a Compliance with his Vows, was that which  
 “ assured *Dorigny* of Success, if he still continues in the Sentiments with which  
 “ he honored me. Gratitude alone should lead me to return them. But what  
 “ would I not do to prove my Innocence  
 “ to

“ to the Count *de St. Furcy*, and to take  
 “ from him all Pretence for depriving of  
 “ his Confidence, and perhaps of his  
 “ Love, a Son so worthy of both ! I  
 “ yield myself up entirely to your Dispo-  
 “ sal, and my Mother’s Will ; I shall re-  
 “ spect my Sister’s Rights of Seniority,  
 “ if she will insist upon them ; but above  
 “ all Things, my dearest Father, I shall  
 “ obey every Command your Love shall  
 “ dictate, and nothing shall ever prevail  
 “ with me to be wanting in the Submis-  
 “ sion and Respect with which I am, &c.

This Letter was no sooner written than  
 I sought an Opportunity of sending it,  
 and dispatched it that very Day to my  
 Father. I now was less afraid to appear  
 in Company, thinking myself from that  
 Moment as well justified to the Eyes of  
 the World as in my own. I perceived  
 no Alteration in any Person’s Behavior  
 except the Count *de St. Furcy’s*, who  
 looked a little cold upon me ; his Son  
 appeared only for a few Minutes, and left  
 the Company very early. The next Day,  
 I cannot say at my first Waking, for it is  
 easy to believe I slept but little, but when  
 I

I arose, I heard that the young *St. Furcy* had left *Beaumont*, and that his Father was gone out in his Coach to take the Air. I own I was so simple as not to have the least Suspicion of his being gone to *Villiers* till we went to Dinner, and I found he was not at Table. I then grew uneasy, tho' I felt great Consolation from the Letter I wrote to my Father the Day before. But I did not long enjoy this small Degree of Tranquility. The Count's Valet de Chambre came pretty early in the Afternoon, to bring a Letter from his Master to the Marchioness, and one from my Father to me, which he was ordered to deliver to me in private; he acquitted himself very well of this Part of his Commission, and returned directly to the Count, who desired the Marchioness, to excuse his not waiting on her that Night, according to his Promise, having engaged with Monsieur *de Villiers* to go and lie at Mr. *Dorigny's*, from whence he should not return till the next Evening. Notwithstanding my Impatience to read my Father's Letter, I could not enjoy that Satisfaction till I retired to my Chamber

Chamber to go to Bed. I then hastily opened it, and read as follows.

“ The Exactness with which you re-  
 “ late to me every thing, that has lately  
 “ passed at the Count *de Beaumont*’s, be-  
 “ tween you and the Count *de St. Furcy*,  
 “ proves to me, my dearest Child! the  
 “ Integrity of your Heart, and the Frank-  
 “ ness of your Behavior. I congratulate  
 “ you upon them, my dearest Daughter.  
 “ Indeed your Letter was very necessary  
 “ to me; and the Complaints of your  
 “ Conduct, which the Father of *Monsieur*  
 “ *de St. Furcy* came with Design of mak-  
 “ ing me, required my being before ac-  
 “ quainted with the Detail you gave me  
 “ yesterday, to prevent my Tendernefs  
 “ for, and Confidence in, you, from be-  
 “ ing alarmed. I was going to set out  
 “ for *Beaumont* when the Count arrived.  
 “ I left him Leisure to vent his Anger,  
 “ and his Concern for his Son’s Behavior;  
 “ but when he accused you of being of  
 “ Intelligence with him, in regard to the  
 “ Refusal which still grieves him, I,  
 “ without Hesitation, shewed your Let-  
 “ ter. He read it several times over  
 “ with



“ with great Attention ; he examined  
 “ more than once the Circumstances re-  
 “ lated in it ; and most of all the Place  
 “ where you speak of his Son’s Obedience  
 “ for a whole Month ; and that, where  
 “ you assure me that you were intirely  
 “ ignorant of the young Count’s Senti-  
 “ ments, till the Moment that you were  
 “ found conversing with him. He was  
 “ affected, even to Tears, at the Resolu-  
 “ tion you had formed, and the sincere  
 “ Desire you shewed of taking from him  
 “ all Pretence of Coldness to his Son.  
 “ He could not forbear crying out, Oh !  
 “ my dear Monsieur *de Villiers*, what a  
 “ Daughter you have got ! what Forti-  
 “ tude ! how noble is her Resolution ! If  
 “ I was only *St. Furcy’s* Friend, if I had  
 “ not secretly transacted for him an Alli-  
 “ ance still more advantageous than that  
 “ of the Marquis of *Beaumont’s* ; in fine,  
 “ was I not his Father, and already en-  
 “ gaged in Honor to one of the principal  
 “ Noblemen at Court, I should think  
 “ him happy, and should advise him, to  
 “ marry Mademoiselle *de Villiers*. But,  
 “ my dear Friend, let us, as far as we  
 “ are able, secure her Happiness. Let

“ us

“ us go this very Day to see *Dorigny*,  
 “ carry him the joyful News which you  
 “ have Leave to give him ; and, if pos-  
 “ sible, let us conclude this Affair before  
 “ my Son’s Return. I shall have more  
 “ Excuses than I want, continued he, to  
 “ detain him at *Paris*, as long as we shall  
 “ find necessary. In short, my dear Child,  
 “ the Count also undertook to bring your  
 “ Mother and Sister to consent to our  
 “ Wishes. I will not conceal from you  
 “ that your Mother’s ridiculous Hopes,  
 “ and your Sister’s Pride, had at least as  
 “ great a Share in procuring their Con-  
 “ sent, as any Regard they shewed to  
 “ the Count’s Solicitations.

“ We are therefore all agreed, my dear  
 “ Daughter ; we are going to spend this  
 “ Night at Mr. *Dorigny*’s, from which I  
 “ hope we shall not depart till our Busi-  
 “ ness is in a fair Way of being speedily  
 “ concluded. *Dorigny* is a Man of Ho-  
 “ nor and Virtue ; he will behave gene-  
 “ rously to you, and perhaps you may be  
 “ happier with him, than with a young  
 “ Man of Quality, whom the Example  
 “ of the Court, and the Dissipation of  
 “ that

“ that Place, might soon incline to In-  
 “ constancy. I most tenderly bid you  
 “ adieu, my dearest Child. I hope with  
 “ still more Pleasure and Tenderneſs to  
 “ embrace you to-morrow. I am, &c.

Notwithstanding all the Reſolution and  
 Courage I had aſſumed in my Letter to  
 my Father, I confeſs that his Answer  
 deeply affected me. But at laſt Reaſon  
 came to my Aſſiſtance, and made me  
 ſenſible of the Impoſſibility of retracting  
 what I had promiſed, without giving  
 very great Suſpicions of my Sincerity and  
 of my Conduct. I reſigned myſelf there-  
 fore to my Fate, but with the Melan-  
 choly of a Victim, not with the chearful  
 Hopes of a Bride. I had ſome Inclina-  
 tion to ſhew my Father's Letter to the  
 Marchionefs, and even to Mademoiſelle  
*de Beaumont*, but the Care that had been  
 taken to deliver it to me in private, con-  
 vinced me that abſolute Secrecy was de-  
 ſired.

I appeared then as uſual the next Morn-  
 ing, without ſuffering any of the Agita-  
 tions into which I was thrown by the Step  
 I

I had taken, to appear in my Countenance, or Behavior. Mademoiselle de *Beaumont*, who with great Reason had been alarmed on my Account at the Count de *St. Furcy's* going to *Villiers*, renewed her Excuses for having been the Occasion of the Complaints, which he might perhaps make to my Family against me. She was so obliging as to communicate to me the Apprehensions she was under lest I should receive the same Treatment as my Sister, and she be deprived, as she kindly expressed herself, of the Pleasure and Happiness of my Company. I endeavored to encourage her by saying, I was inclined to believe myself sufficiently justified in the Count de *St. Furcy's* Opinion.

The Count returned that very Night to *Beaumont*, with Mr. *Dorigny* and my Father. I trembled at their Arrival, but I knew I had gone too far to suffer my Distress to appear. The Count undertook to declare publickly the Occasion of this Visit from Mr. *Dorigny* and Monsieur de *Villiers*. He presented to me my future Husband; I received him with proper



per Politeness and Modesty. All the Company paid us Compliments customary on such Occasions. As Mr. *Dorigny* was determined to set no Bounds to his Generosity in marrying me; and as all Parties were agreed, our Settlements were drawn the next Day. The Count *de St. Furcy* and Mr. *Dorigny*, who seemed to have the same Desire and Impatience for the speedy Conclusion of this Affair, took upon them the Care of hastening it. All that I then knew of what Mr. *Dorigny* had done for me, was, that he acknowledged having received a considerable Fortune with me, and that the Settlements were a Sort of mutual Gift of all we had to the Survivor, in case we had no Children. Few Days after we signed them. My Mother and Sister came to the Castle of *Beaumont* on this Occasion, but would make no Stay. Madame *de Beaumont*, and the Count *de St. Furcy*, took upon them the Buying of my Cloaths, and all the necessary Expences which would otherwise have fallen on my Family upon this Occasion, and acquitted themselves of it with more Profusion and Magnificence than my Parents could have done. Mr.

*Dorigny*

*Dorigny* likewise made me some very rich Presents; and he and Monsieur *de St. Furcy* had been so diligent in the necessary Preparations, that every thing was ready in a few Days for the Celebration of our Marriage in the Chapel of *Beaumont*, which was actually compleated in a Fortnight after the Count *de St. Furcy* returned from his Visit to *Villiers*.

During this time I began to look on Mr. *Dorigny* with less Reluctance; I found him of an open, sincere, Disposition, indued with a reasonable Mind, and a warm Heart; I began to think I might be happy with him; I pleased myself with a Resolution of using my best Endeavors to make him so, by a prudent Conduct, and a complying Temper. With these Hopes and Resolutions, I became the Wife of Mr. *Dorigny*. We were neither of us deceived.

My Mother and Sister came again to *Beaumont* on the Celebration of our Marriage, and staid there some Days; during which time, I may venture to say, they exposed themselves, in attempting to turn

F

Mr.

Mr. *Dorigny* and me into Ridicule, on Account of his Fondness, and my Person.

A few Days after we went to Mr. *Dorigny's* House, where we received the Visits of all the Company at the Castle of *Beaumont*, and in the Neighborhood; and if I did not find with my Husband that kind of Happiness, of which the young *St. Furcy* had given me an Idea, I enjoyed at least as much as I expected; and it suffered no Interruption but from the continual Apprehensions I was under, and they were not ill grounded, of the Pain which the Account of my Marriage would give to the young Count of *St. Furcy*. His Friend the Count *de Beaumont* had acquainted him with it, and the Effect it had had on him was not known till the Arrival of *Mademoiselle de St. Furcy*, whom he had been obliged to put under the Care of a Lady, a Relation of hers, who undertook to carry her to *Beaumont*. They were then informed that a few Days before that fixed for the Count's Departure, he was seized with a Fever, which however the Physicians did not think

think dangerous. I heard this melancholy News at the Castle of *Beaumont*, where Mr. *Dorigny* and I went to make our Compliments to *Mademoiselle de St. Furcy*. I had been under great Apprehensions of meeting her Brother there; so that assured his Life was not in Danger, being delivered by his Sickness from the Interview I had feared, was my Consolation. Alas! I was then ignorant, and except the young Count *de Beaumont*, every one was so likewise, of my being the Cause of so sudden and unforeseen an Illness. The young Count had the Prudence to conceal from me what he had written to *St. Furcy*, and I did not hear it till some time after.

When the necessary Civility was over we returned home, and went again to *Beaumont*, only to be present at the two Marriages of the Count *de Beaumont* with *Mademoiselle de St. Furcy*, and of the Viscount *de Francheville* with *Mademoiselle de Beaumont*. Monsieur *de St. Furcy's* Indisposition being thought inconsiderable, was not judged a sufficient Reason for deferring Marriages so long agreed. During



the Gaiety of these Celebrations the Count *de Beaumont* informed me, that he had acquainted his Friend with my Marriage, and he added to my Suspicions, and consequently to my Affliction, by telling me that he did not doubt that this News had been the Occasion of his Illness. This considerably augmented the Concern I felt from the first Account I had received of Monsieur *de St. Furcy's* Sickness, and gave me a Dejection of Spirits, which accompanied me at my Return home. I could not entirely conceal my Grief from Mr. *Dorigny*; as he knew not the real Cause of it, there was nothing he did not try to divert the Melancholy which was inseparable from my Anxiety about the young *St. Furcy's* Health. I durst not even seek Relief, impatient as I was to hear of his Recovery, for fear of receiving still worse Accounts, and betraying myself by my Afflictions. I remained in this cruel Uncertainty for more than three Weeks; and was relieved from my Fears for Monsieur *de St. Furcy's* Life only by what must cause an Agitation of Mind at least as painful, as my Reader will perceive.

About

About a Month after the Celebration of the Marriages I have mentioned, the Marquis of *Beaumont*, notwithstanding his great Age, determined to carry all his Family to *Paris*; he was desirous himself to introduce the two young Ladies at Court, where they were formed to appear with Lustre, and which they could not fail to adorn. The young Count *de Beaumont* had private Reasons for undertaking to inform us in Person of this intended Journey. He had received an Account from his Friend *St. Furcy* of the Amendment of his Health, and likewise a Letter for me, which he desired might be delivered to me when I was alone.

The Count *de Beaumont* came then to acquaint us with the approaching Departure of all the Family; and as he spent almost the whole Day with us, he found an Opportunity of secretly reading to me the Letter he had received from *St. Furcy*, and of giving me that with the Delivery of which he was charged. I more than once refused to take it, nor did I comply but on the Count's assuring me, that by not ac-

cepting it, I should cruelly put an End to his Friend's Life; and on Condition that I should not be expected to read it, but in my Husband's Presence. The young Count *de Beaumont* was so frightened at this Proposal that he would then gladly have taken *St. Furcy's* Letter back again, but Mr. *Dorigny* coming up to us, I without Hesitation gave him the Letter with the Seal unbroken, desiring him to read that Letter himself if he thought proper. The Count *de Beaumont*, I suppose fearing a disagreeable Explanation, judged it best to leave us as soon as he could, and accordingly went away very abruptly; *Dorigny* followed him, made his Compliments at Parting, and returned to me with the Letter.

“ My dearest Life, said he, there is  
 “ too much Honor in your Behavior, to  
 “ leave me a Wish to make an ill Use  
 “ of your open and generous Way of  
 “ Thinking. There is your Letter, you  
 “ you may both read and answer it, with-  
 “ out giving me the least Offence. I  
 “ am rejoiced that you have given me  
 “ an Opportunity of shewing you, the  
 “ perfect

“ perfect Confidence I have in your Prudence and Virtue.

“ No, my dear *Dorigny*, I answered, you shall either read *St. Furcy's* Letter to me, or it shall unread be burnt in your Presence.

“ By my faith, replied *Dorigny*, I should be very sorry to have it so treated, therefore I absolutely insist upon it, we will read it together.

*Dorigny* at last opened the Letter, and there read as follows.

“ Madam,

“ May I flatter myself that you will not censure as criminal, the Liberty I am now going to take. This is the first time that I have been allowed to write since I heard of your Marriage; and I thought it my Duty to employ this first Moment of Strength and Liberty, to congratulate you on your happy Choice. But I will not endeavor to conceal from you that my Life was very near falling a Sacrifice to it.



“ How blessed is Mr. *Dorigny* to have the  
 “ Power of contributing daily to your  
 “ Happiness ! I ask no more of Heaven  
 “ for myself, than to know you are  
 “ happy ; and since I am deprived of the  
 “ Hopes of having any Share in making  
 “ you so, I for ever renounce all Engage-  
 “ ments. No, Madam ; no Authority  
 “ shall ever force me to profess for an-  
 “ other, those Sentiments which you alone  
 “ inspired, and which I can never feel  
 “ for any but yourself. Pardon the last  
 “ Efforts of a despairing Heart if I pre-  
 “ sume to add, that I shall through Life  
 “ preserve them, with the same Purity  
 “ and Sincerity, with which you first in-  
 “ spired them, as well as the profound  
 “ Respect and tender Esteem with which  
 “ I have the Honor to be, Madam, &c.

( “ *St. Furcy.*

Mr. *Dorigny* could not read this Letter  
 with Insensibility, and he forgave my be-  
 ing affected it. He was happily born  
 without the least Tincture of Jealousy in  
 his Disposition ; it is true, that neither  
 my Person, nor my Conduct, could rea-  
 sonably inspire it. “ My dear Love, said  
 “ he

“ he after having read *St. Furcy's* Letter,  
 “ I insist on your answering it ; I cannot  
 “ do less than solicit this slight Favor for  
 “ him, since I have robbed him of the  
 “ Pleasure of his Life, and of the Happi-  
 “ ness of possessing you.

All my Arguments to the contrary were fruitless, he teized me into Compli-  
 ance, write I must, and here is my Letter  
 just as I brought it to my Husband after  
 having finished it.

“ Mr. *Dorigny*, Sir, insists on my an-  
 “ swering the Congratulations you so  
 “ obligingly make me on my Mar-  
 “ riage. If your Happiness depends up-  
 “ on mine, nothing can be wanting to  
 “ either, since I am the happiest Wife in  
 “ the World. I should pass over in si-  
 “ lence the Sentiments you profess, if my  
 “ Person was not a sufficient Security  
 “ against exciting them ; but there is one  
 “ which is only due to the Beauties of the  
 “ Mind, and that I should be happy to  
 “ think I had inspired, which is a sincere  
 “ and lasting Esteem, such as I shall al-

“ ways preserve for you. *De Villiers*  
 “ *Dorigny.*

*Dorigny* after having read my Letter took the Pen, and added to it with his own Hand what follows.

“ My Wife, Sir, forced me to read  
 “ your Letter, therefore I must appropriate to myself some Share of your  
 “ Congratulations, and return my Thanks  
 “ for them, since more are due to me  
 “ than to Madame *Dorigny*. My greatest  
 “ Ambition is to render her happy, and  
 “ I have so perfect, and so well-grounded  
 “ a Confidence in the Uprightness of her  
 “ Heart, that I most sincerely wish you  
 “ may be a Witness of it. *Dorigny.*

I must sincerely confess that my Husband's generous Behavior still more endeared him to me.

After these Letters were written, and a few Days before Madame *de Beaumont's* Departure, the Viscount and Viscountess of *Francheville*, the young Count and Countess *de Beaumont*, came to make us a Visit.

Visit. While we were at Dinner, the young Viscountess persuaded Mr. *Dorigny* to promise to carry me to *Paris*, which I had never seen; and hinted to him, that he could not chuse for this Expedition, a time more favorable for her or for me, than while she should be there. Mr. *Dorigny* being of too complying a Temper to resist a Lady's Persuasion, especially as they were conformable to his own Intentions, which he had before signified to me, and I had always declined, readily gave his Word that we would soon follow them. After repeated Assurances to this Effect, they returned that Night to *Beaumont*, from whence in three Days they set out for *Paris*.

Mr. *Dorigny* thought it proper to communicate our intended Journey to Monsieur and Madame *de Villiers*. My Mother at first disapproved of it, but after some Reflections she consented, begging my Husband to permit her and my Sister to be of the Party.

Mr. *Dorigny's* first Difficulty, of not having Room for them in his House at *Paris*,



*Paris*, was soon removed ; my Mother had already resolved that she and my Sister should live at Monsieur *de Moulins*, her Father's. Every thing thus settled, nothing remained but to prepare for our Departure, and in less than a Week we were ready.

We all four went in Mr. *Dorigny's* Berlin, with which we travelled Post, and in two Days and a half we arrived at *Paris*. We then separated in the Manner before agreed.

*Paris* was quite a new World to me. To my Sister it was the Place where her Beauties first began to bloom, from whence she was taken before they arrived at the full Blow necessary to make them observed, but where they were now going to have favorable Opportunities of appearing, in their greatest Lustre, in all the Pride of blooming Beauty. - This was Madame *de Villiers's* Inducement for approving our Expedition, and for desiring to accompany us in our Journey. She pretty sufficiently let us into her View on the Road, in frequently telling my Sister that

that Nature had perfectly well qualified her for succeeding in that great City. And at other times in a Rapture, what Crouds of Noblemen shall I have the Pleasure of seeing at your Feet! How many shining Fortunes will soon wait your Acceptance!

Indeed my Readers must expect that during this Expedition, I shall have many more Particulars to relate concerning my Sister than myself.

I soon perceived that I was not formed to please in so populous a City, where one may be said to be much seen and little known, especially People newly come, and those who stay but a little time in it. The general Observation extends no farther than the Face and the Cloaths; Person, Air, and Dress, are the only Recommendations. Had I come to *Paris* with a Desire and Design of Pleasing, I confess I should have been greatly mortified; but, Thanks to my happy Temper, I always endeavored to deserve Esteem, but had little Ambition to be admired. The few Friends by whom I was known, sufficiently

ently compensated the want of that Croud of Lovers, with which my Sister always appeared to me rather persecuted than followed.

I cannot enter into an exact Detail of the Consequences of our Expedition without describing Madame *de Villiers*. She was then about forty-three Years of Age; she did not indeed appear so much, and every one believed her when she declared herself but thirty-two. I have already said she was inclined to Coquetry, nor had she yet given up the Desire of Admiration; but the *Fair Villiers* eclipsed her Charms, and one would have thought she should have avoided being seen with her; but I have also said, my Mother loved Pleasure and Dissipation, and her Daughter was of a more proper Age to procure them; and perhaps this Consideration might have no small Share in making the *Fair Villiers* her Mother's Idol. Madame *de Villiers* no sooner arrived at *Paris* than she began to shew her charming Daughter in every Place; public Walks, Play-houses, even Churches became the Scenes of her Conquests; she drew the Eyes of all

all present, was followed by a Croud of Admirers of all Ranks, all Fortunes, and all Ages; often even encumbered by the Multitude of her Votaries. This was a Triumph which *Madame de Villiers* enjoyed with Pleasure, but therein consisted the Impropriety of her Indulgence. My Sister in all these Affairs was without doubt much more excusable than my Mother; her Youth, her want of Experience, her own Innocence, on which without Injustice no one could reflect, might well quiet all Suspicion in her; and I do not doubt but she would have avoided her Misfortunes, and have reaped more Honor and Advantage from her Charms, had her Behavior been directed by a Person of more Prudence than *Madame de Villiers*.

For a few Weeks after we came to *Paris*, I often accompanied my Mother and Sister to public Places; as they had no Equipage, I had the Power of obliging them with mine; but as soon as the Marchioness of *Beaumont*, with whom I spent most of my time, and indeed my Husband himself, began to hear of the great Noise *Mademoiselle de Villiers's* Beauty made in the World;



World ; one tenderly intreated, and the other exhorted me with that kind of Authority which she still preserved over my Inclinations, to appear no more in Public with my Mother and Sister.

They indeed had less Occasion for my Assistance in that respect, having now more Coaches at their Command than they could use, most Part belonging to the gayest Strangers that were then at *Paris*, and I had soon a melancholy Excuse for absenting myself without Affectation from their Parties. The old Marquis of *Beaumont*, who was then in his eighty-third Year, fell dangerously ill ; and tho' the Goodness of his Constitution resisted the Violence of his Disorder for near a Month, it was at length overcome ; and he died sincerely regretted by his Wife, his Family, and all who had the Happiness of his Acquaintance. I was constantly with the Marchioness *de Beaumont*, during her Husband's Sickness, and with the Viscountess *de Francheville* after her Father's Death ; I scarcely left her House a Minute after the Marchioness retired into a Convent, where she intended to spend

spend the first Months of her Widowhood.

This Misfortune naturally leads me to speak of myself, and I must beg my Readers to consent to lose sight of the *Fair Villiers* for a short time, in order to give me Leisure to mention some Particulars which relate only to me. Upon our Arrival at *Paris*, the first thing Mr. *Dorigny* did was to visit the old and young Count *de St. Furcy*; he met from them the most obliging Reception, but the young Count was particularly touched with this Civility. He begged my Husband to believe that he would have prevented him, in first paying his Respects, had he not been deterred by too strong Reasons, which would make him guilty of still a greater Breach of Politeness.

“ I am equally afraid said the Count  
 “ to him, of meeting, and of offending,  
 “ Madame *Dorigny*. You have behaved to  
 “ me with so much Openness, Sir, that  
 “ I ought to be equally sincere with you.  
 “ The Impression that young Lady has  
 “ made upon my Heart, is too deep ever to  
 “ be

“ be effaced; her Happiness, my own  
 “ Quiet, even yours also, require that I  
 “ should never see her; this Punishment I  
 “ have myself inflicted on my too constant  
 “ Affections. Excuse me, Sir, if the  
 “ strict Adherence to my Resolution, and  
 “ still more the Respect due to Madame  
 “ *Dorigny*, deprives me of the Honor of  
 “ waiting on you.

Mr. *Dorigny* vainly treated those Fears  
 as purely chimerical, and protested he  
 should never be alarmed at the Count's  
 assiduous Attachment to me; that the  
 Reliance he had on my Virtue was so  
 strong that he could never know, nor  
 should ever make me feel, the Torments  
 which a too jealous Husband both suffers  
 and inflicts. Nothing could alter the  
 Count's Resolution. *Dorigny* gave me an  
 Account of this Visit, and of this Con-  
 versation, and I confessed to him that I  
 was pleased with the Count *de St. Furcy's*  
 way of Thinking. The Count his Father  
 was often at my House, he even made  
 some Complaints to me of his Son's obsti-  
 nate Refusal of the advantageous Matches  
 which he had proposed to him. He de-  
 sired

fired me to use what Power I might have over him, to persuade him to comply ; but I excused myself on never seeing his Son, and I did not dissemble to him that the Resolution the young Count had taken of avoiding me, was equally proper for both of us. The Count could make no Answer to this, and at last ceased to disturb me with any thing relating to his Son.

I lived, as I have already said, with the Viscountess *de Francheville*. The Viscount had long wanted to have her Picture drawn; the Beginning of her Mourning, which pretty much confined her, seemed to him a favorable Opportunity of indulging so innocent an Inclination. He made Choice of the best Painter in *Paris*, who came every Day, to take the Viscountess's Picture. I was always there to keep her Company during so tedious an Employment ; whenever the Painter rested himself, and talked to the Viscountess, I found his Eyes fixed on me ; Madame *de Francheville* also observed it, and one Day said to him :

“ Upon



“ Upon my Word, Sir, I do not understand this ; whenever you speak to  
 “ me, you look at Madame *Dorigny* ; I  
 “ assure you I am jealous of this Attention, I fear my Picture will not be the  
 “ better for it ; but I perceive you have  
 “ no small Desire to paint hers.

“ I confess, Madam, answered the  
 “ Painter, this Lady has one of those  
 “ Countenances of which a Painter would  
 “ be happy to draw an exact Likeness.  
 “ I hope she will excuse me ; but as she  
 “ frequently makes a Jest of her Person,  
 “ perhaps she would be much surprized  
 “ if I was to draw an exact Resemblance  
 “ of her, and at the same time as agreeable a Picture as that of the handsomest  
 “ Woman in *Paris*.

“ Oh ! Sir, I replied laughing, I defy  
 “ you.

“ Well, Madam, I accept your Challenge ; I do not even ask you to sit  
 “ often, nor desire any other Reward  
 “ than

“ than the Honor of succeeding in my  
“ Attempt.

“ No, Sir, said I, I find it is now  
“ time to retract, I should be very sorry  
“ to have a Picture so much handsomer  
“ than myself.

“ My dear Friend, said Madame *de*  
“ *Francheville*, you may say what you  
“ please, but I insist upon having your  
“ Picture, and I call on this Gentleman  
“ to keep his Word.

“ I shall not fail it, I assure you, Ma-  
“ dam, replied the Painter. We shall  
“ see, added I, how you will contrive it,  
“ for I have promised nothing, and with  
“ the Viscountess's Permission I will be  
“ excused.

The Conversation grew lively ; and the  
Painter's Business being over for that Day,  
he left us with saying to me, “ Indeed,  
“ Madam, you shall not disappoint me.

The Viscountess continued teasing me, and  
*Dorigny* came while we were still upon the  
Article

Article of my Picture. She told him what had passed, and that I had made a Conquest of the Painter ; “ He would “ make her handsome, added she, and “ she will not consent to be so ; but I am “ determined so kind an Offer shall not be “ rejected. I applaud your Resolution, “ Madam, answered *Dorigny* ; you will “ see that Fellow will paint her as I see “ her. You must allow, said the Viscountess, that Compliment deserves a “ greater Return, than the small Favor “ we ask of you.

“ Madam, replied *Dorigny*, I declare “ myself on your Side ; your Painter shall “ draw Madame *Dorigny*’s Picture ; I “ want much to know whether his Eyes “ are as good as mine.

It was impossible to resist, I was obliged to promise every thing that was required ; and I returned home with my Husband, after having engaged myself to be there the next Day at the same Hour. I went accordingly, the Painter was already employed ; he looked much less at me than he had done before. At a time when  
the

the Viscountess got up to rest herself a little from the Fatigue of sitting so long in one Posture, she told the Painter I had promised to comply with his Request. He thanked me, and said he would shew me the Picture of a less pleasing Woman than myself that he had lately begun; and going into Madame *de Francheville's* Closet, he brought forth a Canvas, on which indeed I saw something was painted, but when he put it on his Desk, I was under the greatest Surprize. Tho' one is not the best Judge of one's own Picture, I could not mistake mine. I saw in it some Beauties which I did not suspect in myself, and whose momentary Appearance in my Countenance there must have been great Art in seizing when I was gay and happy; and in short, when without knowing why or how, it endeavored to render itself agreeable. This was what the Painter had so well expressed, that agreeing to the Resemblance the Picture bore to me, I thought myself obliged to accuse him of having greatly flattered me.



I do not know whether the relating of these trifling Circumstances about my Picture, will not lead my Readers to accuse me of some Self-conceit ; but they will hereafter be sensible that it was necessary they should be acquainted with Part of them. I therefore enter a Caveat against every Jest that People may be inclined to make upon me, and I continue to tell the Truth, in frankly confessing, that I was very well pleased to find that a Picture, which could not be drawn for a *Monster*, was acknowledged by my Friends to resemble me. It was finished at the Viscountess's, Mr. *Dorigny* saw it, and was charmed with it ; he would have a Copy of it in Miniature, and Madame *de Francheville* desired to have one taken from it as big as the Life. We had just settled this Point when the young Count *de St. Furcy* came to visit the Viscountess ; in vain I endeavored not to see him, the Viscountess and my Husband obliged me to stay. The Count turned pale at the Sight of me, I red at the Sight of him ; but after the first Compliments were over, Mr. *Dorigny* would have Monsieur *de St. Furcy*

consulted about my Picture, which put me quite out of Countenance. The Count thought it exactly like. My Husband talked to him of his Design of having it copied in Miniature, and asked him who was the best Painter in that Way. The Count mentioned one who was acknowledged the most famous. I was so little able to join in the Conversation, that at this Time I scarcely attended to what passed. I trembled and grew sick. I fancy I shall not be suspected of Affectation, if it be remembered, that I had never seen *St. Furcy* since the Conversation we had in the Park at *Beaumont*. The Count saw the Condition I was in, and as soon as possible took leave of the Viscountess. He was incapable of speaking a Word to me, and his Silence pleased me much better than a Compliment I should have found very difficult to answer.

That I may not have occasion to speak of myself or of my Picture for some Time, I shall say here, before I return to my Mother's and my Sister's Adventures, that the Original and the Copies were soon finished and brought home. Mr. *Dorigny*.

G

*rigny*.

*rigny* was as generous as the Painter, who in effect refused to take Money for his Performance.

I now come to Madame *de Villiers*, and her darling Daughter. They were the reigning Subjects of Conversation at Court and City; and if it really is an Happiness for handsome Women to be so universally admired, I cannot doubt but my Mother and Sister must have felt their Vanity most agreeably gratified. As for me, I freely confess it rather gave me Pain for them; I often designed telling my Opinion of it, both to my Mother and Sister, but I either met with a cold Reception, or found there a large Company of Men of all Ranks, from Dukes and Peers, to Lawyers and Bankers; I then appeared to them, as well as to myself, an impertinent Intruder, so that I made my Visits short, and found no opportunity to impart my Thoughts. At last I was so mortified with observing that People so nearly allied to me were the constant Subjects of public Censure, that I would have persuaded Mr. *Dorigny* to carry me back into the Country before Winter, but he would

would not consent ; he told me he did not concern himself about the Talk of the World, insisted on my spending the Carnival at *Paris*, and that it was sufficient for my own Reputation, that I should cease to appear with Relations, who had so little Regard for theirs. He would however himself make an Attempt to stop the too great Reasons which my Mother and Sister gave the Public to reflect daily on their Conduct. Among Mademoiselle *de Villiers's* Admirers was a very rich young City Magistrate, who declared his desire of marrying her. He had an Uncle that had been an old Companion of *Dorigny's* in the Army. The Officer came to my Husband, who he heard was Brother-in-law to the *Fair Villiers*, he introduced his Nephew to him, adding, that he should be happy if he could succeed in his Address to Mademoiselle *de Villiers*, as it would reunite their former Friendship ; he gave him to understand that the Match would be advantageous to the Lady, as his Nephew was possessed of above six thousand Livres a Year ; that he therefore was under no Necessity of seeking a Fortune in a Wife, if his Love met with a due Re-



turn. Mr. *Dorigny* promised to use his utmost Endeavors to procure Success to the young Gentleman's Address, and even thanked him for an Intention so much to the Advantage of his Sister's Fortune and Reputation. He really thought this Offer so very good, and made so little Doubt of its being accepted, that he congratulated me upon it.

That he might lose no Time he went the next Day early to Monsieur *des Moulins*, and going with him into the Apartment of Madame *de Villiers* and her Daughter, he made the Proposal to them; he expatiated on the Advantages which would accrue from such a Match, and set before them the ill Consequences of the Refusal, or even a Delay in accepting it. Madame *de Villiers* lifted up her Eyes to Heaven at every thing Mr. *Dorigny* thought himself obliged in Friendship to say, in order to persuade her to consent to the Alliance, and addressing herself very coldly to him:

“ Sir (said she) when you have a Daughter I shall not interfere in the Disposal  
“ of

“ of her, tho’ it might perhaps be to her  
 “ Advantage, therefore I beg you will  
 “ leave me the Care of marrying mine.  
 “ Really she must be very silly to think of  
 “ burying herself in the City, when she  
 “ has in a manner at her Command, the  
 “ most illustrious Noblemen about the  
 “ Court, as well as Strangers of the first  
 “ Rank. No, Sir, all these fair Prospects  
 “ must fail her at once, before she could  
 “ consent to become the Wife of a little  
 “ Citizen.

But as she would not discard nor offend  
 any of the fair *Villiers’s* Admirers, she  
 added:

“ However, this young Magistrate may  
 “ continue to come, and exhibit his pretty  
 “ Person; his well-dressed Hair, and his  
 “ splendid Equipage; he will always be  
 “ politely received, and perhaps a Time  
 “ may come when he will be accepted as  
 “ a *Pisaller*.

The fond Monsieur *des Moulins*, who  
 never saw but with his Daughter’s Eyes,  
 was fully convinced she was in the right;

and Mr. *Dorigny*, who had gone a little too far with his Friend, thought it best to give him no other Answer, than that his Nephew would always meet with an obliging Reception at Mademoiselle *de Villiers's*; that he did her a great deal of Honour, but she was not yet disposed to marry, and it would be advisable to wait a little Time with Patience. Mr. *Dorigny* informed me of the Success of his Negotiation, and I could not forbear pitying my Mother's Blindness, and my Sister's unlucky Destiny. It soon became much more melancholy. It is generally the Fate of a much-admired Beauty, to see her greatest Successes terminated by some unhappy Catastrophe, which too often destroys her Reputation as well as her Fortune.

Among the Votaries who sacrificed at the fair *Villiers's* Shrine, were three Dukes, two of which were deservedly thought as gallant, and as agreeable Men as any about the Court. The third, who was the Duke of ———, could not boast of being so generally liked by the Ladies, and his Reputation was such, that his Acquaintance did no Honor to any Woman.

He

He unhappily was for ever at Madame *de Villiers's*, and took upon him the Air of their Protector. He was soon informed of the young Citizen's Offer, and of the Repulse he had received, tho' my Mother did not conceal from his Grace, that she began to be seriously inclined to marry Mademoiselle *de Villiers*.

“ Upon my Word, said my Mother  
 “ to the Duke, I am under continual Fear  
 “ lest some Quarrel should arise among  
 “ so great a Croud of Rivals, and that  
 “ my Daughter's Beauty may cost some  
 “ worthy Nobleman his Life. After all,  
 “ when she is married, she will be in her  
 “ Husband's Care, and the surest way of  
 “ preventing Quarrels is to deprive her  
 “ Lovers of any Expectation.

The Duke entered into all her Views, but advised her not to be too hasty. He assured her that he had a Friend who she might accept on his Word, who would raise her Daughter to a considerable Rank and Fortune. It was agreed to meet this Gentleman at Supper at the Duke's. Madame *de Villiers*, whose Vanity longed



to shew the young Citizen that her Daughter might pretend to the noblest Alliances, asked the Duke to permit him to be of the Party ; the Duke inconsiderately consented to it, and the Supper was to be given in a few Days after, at a little Villa of his Grace's. Madame *de Villiers* herself invited the City Lover, and informed him that the Occasion of the Entertainment, was to introduce her Daughter to a Man of Quality, who was in love with her.

I learnt these and the following Circumstances long after the Knowledge of them could be of any Use.

To sup at a little Pleasure House of the Duke of ———, to go there in one of his Coaches, was, for People in the Situation of Madame and Madamemoiselle *de Villiers*, imprudent, not to say scandalous. Madame *de Villiers* was proud of it, and lest so great an Honor should not be public, she would go in full Day, and with all the Parade imaginable. The Duke and his young Friend followed them. The latter was about thirty Years of Age,

a little Man, that endeavored by his manner to set off an indifferent Person. His Dress was rather genteel than magnificent, but this was made up by a very assured Behavior. He turned to the Duke, and said, "My Lord, you entertain elegantly, you have the prettiest and most convenient Vil'a of any that I know; you must invite me and the Princess here some Night to supper; and a thousand other such Speeches, which imposed upon and gained him the Respect of Madame *de Villiers*, and to any other Person would only have proved him a Coxcomb. The Marquis, for such the Duke called him, had, according to his Grace's Account, a Father of great Power and Riches, but obstinately bent on a great Alliance for his Son, who on the contrary was resolved to marry for Love alone, and only waited his Father's Death for the Liberty of indulging his Inclinations, whom the Duke represented as old as if he had been a cotemporary of *Adam* or *Noah* and as rich as *Cræsus*. His Impetuosity might lead him to enter into a Contract without his Father's Knowledge, who could not live above three Months, and so consider-

able an Establishment as this, the Duke told her, should be seized immediately, lest any Accident should prevent it. Madame *de Villiers* was of a romantic Turn, and loved Intrigue. She most sincerely and gratefully acknowledged the Duke's Goodness, and they had begun to concert Measures, when the young Citizen richly dressed, arriv'd in the most sumptuous and most elegant Equipage, drawn by four *Barbary* Horses with splendid Trappings. The Duke cautioned Madame and Mademoiselle *de Villiers* not to take any Notice before this Gentleman of the important Affair which had occasioned this Meeting, but by good Fortune the Indiscretion was committed before the Caution was given. The Duke ran to receive the young Citizen, and giving him a Squeeze by the Hand said :

“ You will give me leave, my Dear  
 “ *De* ———, to present the Marquis to  
 “ you ; Chance led us to the same Place  
 “ at Dinner, and I engaged him to be  
 “ of our Party. I thought the Ladies  
 “ could

“ could make no Objection to it ; you  
 “ know whether the Marquis is not an  
 “ agreeable Companion.

Madame *de Villiers* replied, that “ his  
 “ Company must be acknowledged an  
 “ Honor to those whom he should be  
 “ so obliging as to favor with it.

The sham Marquis embraced the Citizen, addressed him with the utmost Familiarity, complimented him on his Taste, his fine House, his elegant Equipage, and thought he attributed great Honor to him, in saying he was one of the boldest Hunters, and the best Horseman he ever knew. The young Gentleman answered with the Modesty of a Man who knows his own Merits ; and the Conversation at Supper was very lively.

The sham Marquis piqued himself on his Voice, the Citizen was a Proficient in Music ; part of the Time was spent in Singing, and the Ladies confessed that they had not been of a  
 more



more agreeable Party. In the following Part of these Memoirs we shall see the Consequences of this Entertainment.

End of Part the First.



AGREEABLE



# AGREEABLE UGLINESS;

O R, T H E

## Triumph of the GRACES.

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### P A R T. II.

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THE next Morning Madame *de Villiers* received an unexpected Visit from the young Magistrate, who had supped in Company with her the Night before; a Desire of speaking to her in private was the Occasion of his coming at so unusual an Hour. He had a real Inclination for my Sister, and although he was a City Coxcomb, was a Man of Honour and Integrity. He plainly saw there was a Design of deceiving Madmoiselle *de Villiers*; and I am well convinced, that  
if

he would have discovered it to her sooner,  
 if his own Interest had not induced him  
 to do so. He spoke to Madame *de Vil-*  
*liers* much in the following Terms. “ It  
 “ was impossible for me, Madam, to tell  
 “ you yesterday before the Duke of— my  
 “ Suspicions concerning the pretended  
 “ Marquis who supped with us. What  
 “ you told me, on inviting me to that  
 “ Entertainment, made me tremble for  
 “ you, and your Daughter. The Appre-  
 “ hensions I have been under, lest the  
 “ Duke should engage you too far in an  
 “ Affair of so nice a Nature, and of so  
 “ much Importance, determined me to  
 “ inform you, as soon as possible, of the  
 “ Snare which is laid for you. You must  
 “ be thoroughly convinced that the sham  
 “ Marquis, whom I found yesterday with  
 “ you, is not unknown to me; and you  
 “ might perceive, through the impudent  
 “ Impertinence of his Conversation, that  
 “ he was endeavoring to gain my Fa-  
 “ vor and Secrecy. The Duke himself  
 “ by some Motions gave me to under-  
 “ stand, that he feared some unseasonable  
 “ Truths from me. I have sought this  
 “ private Conversation with you, in or-  
 “ der

“ der to reveal all the Circumstances with  
 “ which I am perfectly acquainted. The  
 “ sham Marquis, whom you saw yester-  
 “ day, is a pitiful Fortune-hunter, Son  
 “ of a little Country Attorney, who, by  
 “ mean low Arts and Services, has ob-  
 “ tained a Reception from some young  
 “ Gentlemen about the Court, but more  
 “ still among Strangers. His only Sup-  
 “ port arises from the Fruits of the  
 “ shameful Services he has the Power of  
 “ rendering them, by having cultivated  
 “ the Acquaintance of People still more  
 “ infamous than himself. I will not tell  
 “ you that he is accused of sharing the  
 “ Price of their Infamy, but he is pub-  
 “ licly known to be in the Pay of certain  
 “ Gaming-houses, on condition of entic-  
 “ ing thither the simple and unexperi-  
 “ enced. In short, I can assure you that  
 “ Measures are now actually taken to  
 “ drive him out of *Paris*. You will per-  
 “ haps, Madam, imagine that what I say  
 “ is only the Language of a jealous Rival,  
 “ but you may inquire after this Fortune-  
 “ hunter of other People. His Name is  
 “ \* \* \* and not the Marquis of—  
 “ and I freely offer to make him relin-  
 “ quish



“ quish this borrowed Title in your Pre-  
 “ sence ; it will not be the first Affront  
 “ which he hath patiently endured.

Madame *de Villiers* was so confounded with what she had heard, that she had not Power to make any Answer: Disappointment and Indignation filled her Heart, and gave rise to some Exclamations against the Duke's Treachery, which ended with this Answer to the Magistrate.

“ I am not in a Condition, Sir, to  
 “ acknowledge as I ought the Service you  
 “ have rendered me. Excuse me if I beg  
 “ you will give me Time to reflect on  
 “ what you have said ; I shall not delay  
 “ either the clearing up this Affair, or  
 “ shewing my Gratitude to you for this  
 “ Information.

She took leave of him, and I suppose was well convinced of the Truth of what he had told her ; for as it had been agreed that the Marquis should wait on her at her own House that very Day, and that she should be denied to every one but him and the Duke, as soon as they came, Ma-  
 dame

dame *de Villiers*, who was naturally hot and violent, attacked the Duke with inexpressible Rage upon the unparalleled Impudence of proposing to her Daughter, and intruding into her House, a pitiful infamous Wretch.

The Marquis, not inclined to hear a longer Panegyric on his Rank and Qualifications, told the Duke, that it did not suit his Dignity to listen to the brawling of little ill-bred Citizens, and shewed him the way out, without staying to be desired to withdraw. My Mother advised the Duke to follow him, and begged she might never again have the Honor of seeing him at her House. My Sister was not present at this short Interview; she would have been killed on the Spot by the degrading Epithet of *little Citizen*, and indeed I believe my Mother did not easily recover it.

The Duke, in Revenge, talked publicly of the Entertainment he had given to the *Fair Villiers* at his Villa. The sham Marquis was not silent on the Subject, but diverted himself much at Madame  
de

*de Villiers's* Expence. The young Magistrate indeed could testify their Innocence, but every one could not inquire the Truth of him, and this pretty Expedition became the Subject of public Conversation; as my Husband was soon informed by the young Citizen's Uncle.

Mr. *Dorigny* was extremely hurt by this Affair, and by the Reports raised upon it to the Disadvantage of his Mother and Sister-in-law. He wrote my Father Word, that he thought it necessary for him either to send for his Wife and Daughter to *Villiers*, or to come himself and force them away from *Paris*, where the Beauty of his Daughter, and perhaps the Conduct of his Wife, might draw them into some Scrapes which would not be agreeable to him. He kept the writing of this Letter a Secret from me, and even concealed the Cause of his Uneasiness. But Fame is too great a Babler, for its Voice not at length to reach me. The Reports were of such a Nature, that I could not fail of being very sensibly affected by them, and Mr. *Dorigny* was at last obliged to give me a full Detail of what had passed, to justify the Virtue,

tue, if not the Prudence, of Madame and Mademoiselle *de Villiers*.

I made *Dorigny* sensible how disagreeable to me such Stories must render *Paris*. We agreed to settle our Affairs with all possible Expedition, that we might be at Liberty to indulge our Vexation in the Country, if Absence would not alleviate it, without being any longer obliged to blush in public at the imprudent Conduct of Madame and Mademoiselle *de Villiers*.

Alas! more cruel and more fatal Misfortunes were decreed us. *Dorigny*, who was alarmed at the Melancholy which I could not shake off, the Marchioness of *Beaumont*, whom I frequently visited, and the Viscountess *de Francheville*, from whom I was almost inseparable, sought every Means of amusing me. The Carnival was begun, but I enjoyed little of its Pleasures, passing my time in an afflicted Family, or for ever oppressed by my own Vexations. Madame *de Beaumont* persuaded my Husband to endeavor at amusing me by carrying me to the Masquerade, an Entertainment to which I was a  
a Stranger,



a Stranger, and which she said well deserved my seeing, and might a little relieve the Lowness of my Spirits. I opposed it, as if I had foreseen the Misfortune that would arise from it ; but it was all in vain, I was oblig'd to comply with the Marchioness's Persuasions, and Mr. *Dorigny's* Desire. The Day was fixed for dragging me to this Mob-like Assembly ; my Husband chose the People by whom he would have me accompanied ; which were only a very prudent Lady of his Acquaintance of a certain Age, and her Husband, a very sensible Man, who was past the time of Life for frequenting such Amusements, and now went only in Compliment to his Wife and myself. We all four disguised ourselves as well as we could, determined not to be known by any one, and indeed little formed to be much remarked. We chose our Places with a Design of not moving from them. At the first View, I was surpris'd at the Splendor of the Place, at the Variety of Objects, and at the frightful, though splendid Croud, which was there assembled. My first Thought was, to compare this Croud to the Sea agitated with different Winds, whose bursting  
Waves

Waves are obstructed in their Course, and even driven far out of the Way, by meeting Currents still more impetuous than themselves. I observed, that as every new Party of Masks entered the Room, the Endeavors that they made to get forward, communicated the same Motion to the whole Assembly, which being renewed every Instant, would have become uniform and constant, if little Whirl-pools had not been formed, which often diverted and stopped this regular Circulation. I could not conceive what kind of Pleasure People expected to find in such violent and perpetual Motion, which seemed to me to have no other Consequence than to be crouded and bruised without the Liberty of complaining, spoken to by a heap of People with whom one is unacquainted, and wearied by the ridiculous, trifling, or indecent Conversation of every impertinent Person there. I must beg leave to say, that I looked on this fine Assembly to be the Parliament of the Empire of Folly.

I was talking in this Way to my Husband and the Company with us, when we observed two Masks enter the Room,  
both

both in white Domino's, elegantly ornamented with Rose-colour Ribbands, and led by a Stranger, who was unmasked. These elegant Masks had scarce passed the Place where we sat, when a Croud of others followed them, saying to each other loud enough for us to hear them, "That is the *Fair Villiers*." This Name made me tremble, and I was very glad I had so well disguised myself that I could not be known by her. From the Moment I saw Madame and Mademoiselle *de Villiers*, they became my sole Employment.

Mr. *Dorigny*, who began to grow tired of his Seat, thought he had no bad Opportunity of amusing himself; he had formerly been fond of Masquerades, and perfectly well understood the Jargon of the Place; he had a particular Art of altering his Voice, and of speaking *French* like a Stranger who has not been much accustomed to the Language. He determined to divert himself with Madame *de Villiers*, (by whom he thought himself sure not to be known) or to give her under that Concealment, some Advice which  
perhaps

perhaps she might not receive so well from him as from one she supposed a Stranger.

Notwithstanding all I could say, Mr. *Dorigny* left us, for I opposed it to the utmost of my Power; not that I either foresaw or feared the Consequence of his Project, but merely because I was afraid to be there without him. My Eyes followed him into the Croud, I saw him join Madame *de Villiers*; the Stranger who handed her left her to the Care of Mr. *Dorigny*; my Sister followed them, escorted by a Mask that had joined her. I could plainly perceive that my Mother was discomposed by what was said to her, and very curious to know a Mask that was so well acquainted with her Affairs.

As I would not lose sight of Mr. *Dorigny*, I did not observe that my Sister was separated by the Croud from Madame *de Villiers*; whose Attention being entirely engrossed by what was said to her, was equally ignorant of it. I perceived at last that she turned back, was extremely agitated, and that she was in an  
in-



instant encircled by a Croud of People. As I did not then see my Sister near her, I tried to find her out, and thereby lost sight of Mr. *Dorigny*. I was not at first so much disturbed about it as I had reason to be, I imagined he had disintangled himself from the Multitude, in order to return to us; but my Composure of Mind soon gave way to the most anxious Alarms. I heard my Mother scream, I saw Crouds of People run out of the Room, and a Cry was raised that Mademoiselle *de Villiers* was run away with. I was so affected by this Sound, that I no longer either saw or heard. I remained in a fainting Fit so long, that I did not even perceive the Assistance my Friends endeavored to give me.

When they brought me to my Senses, I found myself in a strange Room, in the Arms of the Lady who had accompanied me to the Masquerade. I opened my Eyes without discerning any thing; I sought what was wanting to make the Recovery of my Senses a Benefit, without having Courage to ask for it. The Lady who was with me, and the  
People

People of the House, endeavored to encourage and revive me; but what can one hear, what can one feel, when one is separated from ones Soul? The Insensibility of Death cannot differ much from the Situation I was then in. Alas! it was not the most terrible to which I was to be reduced. At last Mr. *Dorigny's* Friend, the Husband of the Lady that remained with me, came to us; his Presence revived me. "Well Sir, (said I, with some Difficulty) what is to become of me?" "Where am I? Where is Mr. *Dorigny*?" "He is at home, Madam, answered he; but so tired, that I would not suffer him to return to guard you home, I have taken that Care upon myself; your Coach is ready."

Let us go, said I, suffering myself to be led in Silence, and with as little Sense or Knowledge as a Person leading to Execution; but I was not yet at the height of my Affliction. It was on my return home that I was destined to feel the most lively Sorrow with which I was ever affected. They had prepared me to expect to find Mr. *Dorigny* in Bed, with extreme  
H Weariness;

Weariness; but when at coming into his Room, I saw him as pale as Death, with People attending him, who were unknown to me, I sunk into the Arms of the Person who brought me, so shocked and frightened, that I believe I should have died on the Spot, if *Dorigny's* feeble Voice had not recalled me to Life, and if my Tenderness, superior to my Courage, had not in a manner restored me to my Existence, and rendered me sensible how necessary my unhappy Life might be for the proper Care of *Dorigny*.

I went up to him with a Strength of Mind which only Love could give, to replace that of which I had been deprived by such reiterated Alarms; or rather I had then no other Soul but Love, which was the Spring of my Actions, and the Source of my Courage. But it had not the Power I wished over my Tears, with which I bathed the Hand that *Dorigny* with Difficulty had reached out to me.

“ Do not afflict yourself, my dearest  
 “ Love, (said he to me, with a low Voice)  
 “ I have once more the Happiness of seeing

“ ing you, your Presence restores my  
 “ Mind to its former Tranquility, and  
 “ alleviates my greatest Uneasiness.” He  
 was not allowed to say more ; nor would  
 they permit me to stay any longer with  
 him, they assured me by doing so I might  
 endanger his Life. How could I do  
 otherwise than obey, since I would gladly  
 have laid down my Life for him, could  
 I by that means have preserved his, nor  
 would such a Sacrifice have differed much  
 from that they required. To oblige me  
 to leave *Dorigny* in that melancholy Situa-  
 tion, was tearing me from my own Soul.  
 My Friends conducted me to my Apart-  
 ment, and would not leave me. They  
 compassionated my Grief, and were melted  
 at my Tears ; my Senses were so over-  
 powered that I did not think of inquiring,  
 what had reduced *Dorigny* into the Con-  
 dition in which I found him. This alone  
 employed my Thoughts ; and the fatal  
 Consequences that I feared from it, de-  
 prived me of all Curiosity after the Cause,  
 or the Authors of it. In short, I had  
 scarcely Sense enough remaining for my  
 Grief, and could not be susceptible of any  
 other Impression. The Day began to ap-



pear without my having been able to take any Rest. My Friends thought it would be improper to defer informing me of the Circumstances which yet I knew not. They judged it necessary that I should be acquainted with every melancholy Particular, of an Affair wherein I was so variously interested. I should not be qualified for so exact an Account as I am going to give, if it had not been often repeated to me after the first Time, when I was so little able to attend to it with tolerable Composure.

The Reader may remember the Moment<sup>o</sup> at the Masquerade, wherein I perceived the Uneasiness of Madame *de Villiers*, when she became sensible that the Croud had separated her and her Daughter; and he may likewise recollect that in looking after my Sister, I lost sight of my Husband. Advantage had been taken of the Time that Mr. *Dorigny* was talking to my Mother, to separate Mademoiselle *de Villiers* from her. When she was no longer within sight of her Mother, a Mask, who undoubtedly had prepared his base Scheme before, came up to my Sister, and

and in a polite manner said to her, “ I believe I have the Honour of speaking to Mademoiselle *de Villiers*. ”—She assured him that he was not mistaken. “ If so, Madam, (continued he) I am sent by Madame *de Villiers*, who overcome with the Heat, was apprehensive of being taken ill if she had not left the Room with all possible Haste. I conducted her to her Coach, wherein she waits for you, and desired me to seek you and guide you to her. ” Mademoiselle *de Villiers* was under too much Fear for her Mother’s Indisposition, and had too little Experience not to fall into the Snare ; she followed the Mask, who handed her out. She had conversed with him at the Masquerade, without knowing him, but could not doubt his being acquainted with her. He was so indeed, since he was no other than the Duke of ———, who sought either his own Gratification by Force, or to revenge himself by an Insult, for having been banished from Madame *de Villiers*’s House. The Person who resigned my Sister to him, and who had attended her most part of the Evening, was certainly a Man appointed.

pointed for that Purpose, as appeared by his Readiness to leave her to the Duke's Care. The Duke led my Sister directly into the Court, and then pulled off his Mask, to order one of his People, who had his Sword in his Hand, to call up a Hackney Coach. My Sister no sooner saw his Face, than she pierced the Air with her Screams. People flocked round her, in vain she implored her Mother's Assistance: The Duke had the Barbarity to tell the Croud which had gathered about them, that it was a poor Wretch whom he was going to send to the Hospital appointed for the Cure of People whose Debauchery had brought Diseases upon them. The Mob upon this, instead of compassionating or listening to Mademoiselle *de Villiers*, loaded her with Reproaches, and they were dragging her, almost senseless, to a Hackney Coach, when Mr. *Dorigny*, who had observed my Mother's Uneasiness, and as well as myself had heard a Cry of Mademoiselle *de Villiers*'s being run away with, ran to her Assistance. He was unarmed, but supported by his Courage, he came up at the very Instant that they were using the utmost Violence to

to put my Sister into the Coach. He called the Guard, he dispersed the Mob, and began to rescue *Mademoiselle de Villiers* from her Ravishers, when the Man who held the Duke's Sword, ran Mr. *Dorigny* into the Body, and made his Escape before any one could stop him. The Guard and the Watch came too late; their first Care was to carry Mr. *Dorigny* to a neighbouring Surgeon. As for *Mademoiselle de Villiers*, as the Duke had discovered himself, was unarmed, and still continued to insult my Sister's Virtue, the Watch seized her, and carried her before an Officer of Justice.

Such were the Circumstances my Husband's Friend was told, when he carried me in my fainting Fit to a House near the Masquerade Room. He then ran to his Friend's Assistance, and having given Orders for his being carried home, and for procuring the best Surgeons, he applied his charitable Care to *Madame de Villiers*; he found her still on the Stairs, more dead than alive, calling her Daughter, crying aloud for Justice, and almost alone, for no one was inclined to assist her, nor to con-



cern themselves in an Affair, the true Motives for which were unknown to them. Unfortunately for Madame *de Villiers*, who told her Name to every one, her Character was by none respected, and all People supposed her to blame in this Affair; even those who pretended Pity insulted her by saying, it would not kill her Daughter.

In this State of Humiliation was she found by this generous and compassionate Friend; who, without being known to her, offered to conduct her to the House where her Daughter (as he said to make her easier) was in Safety. He soon convinced her so perfectly of his being *Dorigny's* Friend, that she thoroughly confided in him, and followed him into the House where he knew her Daughter was confined. How greatly must Madame *de Villiers* Affliction be aggravated by finding her Daughter in the Hands of an Officer of Justice, before whom she had been carried by the Watch, and still remained under their Guard! Though her Virtue might be irreproachable, yet the Imputation of Vice, and all the Disgraces attending

ing it, were inseparable from so cruel an Adventure. The Affair was at last cleared up, my Mother was at Liberty to carry her Daughter home, and as soon as my Husband's Friends had seen them to their Coach, and informed them of the Misfortunes which had befallen us, he left them, to fly to my Assistance, as I have already mentioned. All this was I condemned to hear, without being in a Condition to regard it, nor indeed did I well understand it till some time after; but I thought it proper to relate it here, as the Source of the greatest Misfortune of my Life, and of the happier Events which succeeded it. The shocking Narration to which I had been obliged to listen, could make no Addition to my Grief; the most cruel Vexations which could befall my Family appeared foreign to my Peace, in comparison with the Misfortune which more nearly threatened my Heart. I was even insensible to the Shame which must in a Degree fall on me from my near Relation to Persons so severely aspersed; I had not a Thought for any thing but the dangerous Condition in which Mr. *Dorigny* appeared. The People about me care-

fully concealed from me that ; I was no sooner gone out of his Room that very Night, than he sent for all the Spiritual Assistance which his Situation made him judge necessary. They succeeded in preserving me from the Sense of the Terror which so holy but so melancholy a Ceremony would have inspired. In vain did they endeavor to persuade me to go to Bed ; the Day was already far advanced, when these Friends, who had so kindly attended me, were obliged by the Fatigue they had undergone to leave me, in order to take at home the Rest their wearied Spirits required. As for myself, unable to take any, weeping was my only Employment, except going to enquire after my Husband's Health every Quarter of an Hour, but the Surgeons, who never stirred from him, would not suffer me to enter the Room that whole Day. The Reason they gave for it, was the Danger there would be in causing the least Agitation of Spirits in their Patient before the first Dressing was changed, which it was not to be till the four-and-twenty Hours were expired.

Mr.

Mr. *Dorigny*, as I have since been told, was blooded six times during these twenty-four Hours, in Hopes of abating his frequent vomiting of Blood. Alas! while they kept me ignorant of these Circumstances, they suffered every one to come into my Room, whose Friendship led them to partake of my Affliction. The Marchioness *de Beaumont*, who was still in her Retirement, the Viscountess *de Francheville* her Daughter, the Viscount, the old Viscount *de St. Furcy*, the young Marquis *de Beaumont* and his Lady, came by turns to condole with me; or rather to increase my Affliction, by adding the Concern for the Grief I gave them, to that with which I was before oppressed. The Count *de St. Furcy* took care not to mention his Son, but the young Marchioness *de Beaumont* told me, as she went away, that I must not be surprized at not seeing her Brother, for that he had been so affected by the Misfortune which had befallen Mr. *Dorigny*, and with the unhappy Affair which had occasioned it, as had hurt his Health, and there was reason to fear it might bring on a Return  
of:



of his former Illness. I saw nothing in *St. Furcy's* Grief but his Friendship for my Husband, and was pleased with his Tenderness. My Thoughts were so entirely engrossed by that one Object, and so incapable of admitting any other, that I was far from attributing any Part of the Count's Sensations to myself; they were only what I imagined every one must feel who was acquainted with Mr. *Dorigny*; and young *St. Furcy* then appeared no more in my Eyes or to my Heart, than my Husband's Friend.

It was no small good Fortune to me, that in the course of that melancholy Day I received no Visit, nor heard the Names of Madame and Mademoiselle *de Villiers*. I certainly should not have been able to have repressed the Emotions of my just Indignation. But Heaven had in store for me a more powerful Comforter. There is no Situation, however melancholy it may be, when the Heart can be insensible to the Pleasure arising from the unexpected Presence of a faithful and tenderly beloved Friend. I then experienced this Truth. At first waking it was that I enjoyed

joyed this agreeable Surprise; for the Marchioness *de Beaumont* who had been with me in the Evening, insisted on my going to Bed, and though my Rest was neither profound nor quiet, Fatigue and Dejection at length put me to sleep. It was at the Break of Day, when awakened by the Desire of knowing whether the first Dressing of Mr. *Dorigny's* Wound was taken off, that I could not restrain an Exclamation, I believe I may say of Transport as well as Astonishment, at finding myself at once in my Father's Arms. How tender were the Embraces! how exquisite the Joy! how relieving to the Heart were the Tears, how greatly insinuating were the Pleasures that succeeded! Enchanting Sensations! which Nature cannot repel; you have the Power of suspending for an instant others which are not less dear to us, but you are not able to destroy them!

Those who read these Memoirs may perhaps wonder at the Excess of my Affection, and the Violence of my Grief, for a Man whom I had married against my Inclination. They will recollect that I said I  
sacri-

sacrificed myself to Honor and my Father's Will, and then it will be difficult to persuade them that I was so sincerely afflicted for Mr. *Dorigny's* Condition, since it presented to me an approaching Dissolution of those Ties which were then necessary, but had been contracted in Opposition to my Wishes. In short, I shall be accused of want of Sincerity in my Description of my great Sensibility on the Danger which threatened my Husband. But let me be permitted to defend myself before-hand from a Reproach, which would be painful to my Love for Truth. I own I married Mr. *Dorigny* with Indifference; but Honor, which was my Motive for sacrificing myself, should have rendered him dear to me; and he could not but become more so by his Attentions, his Regard for me, his Indulgence, and the sincere Esteem he had for me, I will venture to add, by the Proofs of his Love; the less I thought I deserved them, the more I thought my Heart was inclined to make a grateful Return. I banish far from hence the gross indelicate Idea of every sensual abandoned Critic, who never felt the virtuous Raptures

tures arising from the Union of two Souls, which Heaven as an especial Favor created for each other.

If my Readers will entertain any Suspicions of the Sincerity of my Grief, I must desire them, in my Justification, to give a little Attention to the Circumstances of my Misfortune. I saw a tender and generous Husband expiring, whose sole Affections I possessed, whom it was my Duty to love, and for whom I really felt an Affection beyond the Power of Duty to create; I saw him brought to the Grave by having so great a Regard for my Reputation, as to have sacrificed his Life, in order to preserve the Honor of my Family. I am sensible that the Desperation to which I was driven, is one of those Situations wherein one can perhaps be reduced only once in one's Life; and I most earnestly make it my constant Prayer to Heaven, that I may never again be exposed to the like. After this Defence, which is due rather to my regard for Truth than to myself, I return to that pleasing Instant wherein I opened my Eyes on my Father, and found my Embraces prevented by the Tendernefs of his.

I cannot



I cannot deny, that to the first Impressions of the unexpected Joy which his Presence had excited in me, succeeded a still deeper Sense of Affliction, by his adding his Vexations to those which I looked upon as more particularly my own, and as the only Event that had a Right to employ my Thoughts. The Sight of my Father, the Sensibility of his Heart, represented to us both all our Misfortunes in one View, a dreadful Prospect for each of us. It would be an Attempt beyond my Power to endeavor to represent our Situation; it is with Pains as with Pleasures, the Extremes of both may be felt, but cannot be described. The only thing my Father could say to me was, that having arrived late the Night before, he had been immediately informed of the Shame his unhappy Daughter had incurred, he obliged his Wife to set out with my Sister that same Night on their Return to *Villiers*, in the Equipage which brought him to *Paris*; and that he had not Courage to see me till he had executed that Resolution.

Our

Our Conversation was not long; I had sent to Mr. *Dorigny's* Apartment to enquire if the first Dressing was taken off, and if I might be permitted to see him. But Groans and Screams, which in an Instant were echoed from every Part of the House, prevented the Answer I impatiently expected, and told me too plainly that it would be very afflicting. But I no longer remained able to receive it, I fainted away in my Father's Arms; my Strength had been so entirely exhausted within the last thirty-six Hours, and I continued so long in a Swoon as raised great Apprehensions for my Life. I have since been told that I remained with my Eyes open and fixed, without seeing any thing, without Sense, without Motion; and that they tried in vain to revive me by the strongest Elixirs. While I was in this dreadful Situation, Madame *de Francheville* had had time to send to my House to hear the Misfortune which had befallen me, and to come herself to take me from a Place which could no longer present to my Eyes any thing but Objects of Affliction. What I am going to relate may appear extraordinary to my Readers, it greatly

greatly surprized me when it was no longer thought dangerous to tell me of it.

Many fruitless Efforts were made, as I have already said, to bring me to myself; but at last Madame *de Francheville* having determined to carry me home in the Condition I was in, they tormented me for a long time, and it will not be easily believed that the first Signs of Life which appeared were violent Fits of Laughter. I began, as they since told me, by asking what was the Matter, why every body looked so melancholy? Madame *de Francheville* informed me that she came to fetch me to her House; I answered I was very ready to go with her. A Physician, who had been sent for to me, would not leave me in a way, which he told my Father was more dangerous than that from which they had recovered me. When I got to the Viscountess's, I talked of my Misfortune as of the thing in the World the most indifferent to me; I not only shed no Tears, but I was frequently seized with a convulsive Laugh. They assured me that my careful Doctor for three

Hours

Hours did every thing which he thought most likely to renew in me the Sense of my Affliction ; that he talked to me of my Loss, often repeated *Darigny's* Name to me, reminded me of his tender Affection, of his Virtues, and of the Benefits he had conferred on me ; and all the Answer they could get from me to things so affecting to the Heart, was that I knew all that better than he did, and could not see what was the use of enumerating them.

During the three Hours that I continued in this kind of Distraction, which differed little from Madness ; the Marquis *de Beaumont* had run to his Sister's, and seen me ; I scarcely observed him ; his anxious Friendship made him think of a means of recovering me from so deplorable a Condition, of the Dangerousness of which he was apprized. The Method he thought of succeeded, and without doubt saved my Life. He ran to his Friend *St. Furcy* ; he painted my terrible Situation in such strong Colors, that he prevailed with him to go to Madame *de Francheville's*. The Count *de St. Furcy* was brought into the Room, I knew him instantly ;



stantly; my Eyes, which had before been incessantly wandering, without Sense or Meaning, were now fixed on him; his were in an instant drowned in Tears; he was pale and trembling, and, by Concern, rendered speechless. “ What Cru-  
 “ elty is this! cried I, to take from me  
 “ that Object which wounds me to Death;  
 “ would that Monster deprive me of my  
 “ Life? Immediately I melted into  
 Tears, and at that time I thought my  
 Soul was forsaking my Body. *St. Furcy*,  
 overcome with Affliction, would have left  
 the Room, in saying to Mr. *de Beaumont*,  
 “ Cruel Friend, to what have you ex-  
 “ posed me! what a Heart-wounding  
 “ Sight is this! what a Reception! Oh!  
 “ this only was wanting to end my un-  
 “ happy Life; this is more than I can  
 “ survive.

My Physician stopped him, “ What  
 “ are you going to do, Sir? said he, for  
 “ Heaven’s Sake summon up Courage  
 “ enough to bear the Cruelty of which  
 “ you complain; and do not be so cruel  
 “ yourself as to stop by flying from hence,  
 “ those Tears which only your Presence  
 “ have

“ have taught to flow ; you have saved  
 “ the Life of this unhappy Lady, your  
 “ Absence would perhaps occasion her  
 “ Death. I heard all that passed, and  
 what my Physician said made a violent  
 Impression upon me, and made me cry  
 out,

“ How unhappy am I! shedding a  
 “ Flood of Tears. What Barbarity! Good  
 “ Heaven! what a Cure for a Grief  
 “ which will admit of none! nor ever  
 “ can be alleviated. In Pity to my Mi-  
 “ sery leave me; to attack at once both  
 “ my Honor and my Life is too inhu-  
 “ man.—I was suffocated by my Tears,  
 but having summoned up all the Strength  
 that was left me, I ran enraged into a  
 Closet, to shut myself up from the Perse-  
 cution of which I accused every one that  
 was then near me; I heard only these  
 few Words from my Physician.

“ Let her go, her Life is saved. Ma-  
 dame *de Francheville* followed me; she  
 very sincerely sympathized with my Grief;  
 no Art was required to enable her to con-  
 tinue my Tears by joining hers with  
 them;

them; we mingled Tears for some time, and my Father's Presence soon augmented them. From the time I left him, he had been employed in a manner so melancholy, and his Affection for me was so tender, that there was then but little Difference in the Excess of our Sorrow.

But I fear I have presumed too far on the Sensibility of my Readers, in giving way to the secret Indulgence I still find in dwelling on all the Circumstances relating to my unhappy Situation. I will spare both him and myself the dismal Description of Funeral Ceremonies, and of a long and strict Mourning.

Experience has long shewn that Time conquers the most violent Grief, therefore I need not be ashamed of confessing that it got the better of mine.

But before I represent myself in a more happy and tranquil State of Mind, it may not be amiss to satisfy the Curiosity of those who shall read these Memoirs, about the Sequel of my Sister's unfortunate History, and of her Departure from *Paris*,  
to

to return to *Villiers* with my Mother. I intend relating all that I learnt from my own Observation, from Madame and Mademoiselle *de Villiers*, from my Father, or any other Person, who in the Course of their Affairs became concerned in them. But I shall do it without interrupting my Narration, by distinguishing those Things to which I was Witness, from what was communicated to me by others; it is sufficient to say that I shall insert nothing, of the Truth of which I am not perfectly well assured.

I need not describe the Situation my Mother and Sister were in, when they arrived at Mr. *des Moulins* from the Magistrate's, where I mentioned Mademoiselle *de Villiers's* being carried; she knew the Duke *de* ———, therefore made no Scruple of accusing him of the Injury which had been offered to her, and of the Assassination of her Brother-in-law. Madame *de Villiers* in a violent Passion, shed Tears of Anger; she breathed nothing but Revenge, and vowed to take public Vengeance on the Duke. Mr. *des Moulins* went himself to examine into all the Circumstances, and  
was



was informed that the Duke had been guilty of no other Crime than an Attempt to force my Sister into a Hackney Coach ; that the Affassin was some unknown Man, who had made his Escape, and could not be proved to be a Servant of the Duke's ; besides that his Grace had been all the time unarmed, and declared that the *Fair Villiers* had followed him very readily till she saw her Brother-in-law. In fact, these Reports were spread and believed, from the little Credit *Madame de Villiers's* Complaints were thought to deserve. This was sufficient to save the Reputation of a Man of the Duke's high Birth and Distinction, but was also enough to ruin my Sister's. These were the Reflections which *Mr. des Moulins* either made, or ought to have made, after his Inquiries ; but my Father came in time either to strengthen, or to excite them.

The first Conversation between Mr. and *Madame de Villiers* was very warm ; she had the Assurance to accuse *Mr. Dorigny* of having facilitated the carrying off her Daughter ; for she had found out that it was him who talked to her at the Masquerade,

querade when this treacherous Scheme was executed. In short, not to be too circumstantial in these little Details, my Father insisted on being obeyed; and persuaded that it was necessary to hide my Mother and Sister from the public Eye, and from the Shame which must be the Consequence of so unfortunate an Event; he obliged them to set out that same Night, and ordered them not to stir from *Villiers* henceforward on any Pretence whatsoever.

The Public did not wait for a Prosecution, of which I had not been in a Condition to think; and my Father imagined himself excused from it to avoid making my Sister's Shame more known, especially as he was informed that the Affair was under Examination. The Assassin was condemned and executed in Effigy. The Duke's Interest I suppose prevented any thing being mentioned in this Information, except the Murder, in which he was but indirectly concerned. My Sister was not named any more than the Duke; if it was owing to his Care, he was too much interested in it himself, for my Family to

be under any Obligation to him on that Account.

As soon as my Mother and Sister were arrived at *Villiers*, they forgot the Dangers they incurred at *Paris*, and how much their Reputations had suffered by them. The Accounts of small Occurrences are indeed slow in travelling from the Metropolis to the distant Provinces. The Scandal in those Places finds its only and sufficient Employment within the Boundaries of the County; it seldom extends its malicious Tongue beyond, and generally is confined to the Tea-tables of Women of Gallantry, and of the gayest and most dissipated Part of the other Sex.

We have often seen Women more justly scandalized than the *Fair Villiers*, after having worn out their Charms and their Reputations in this great City, retire into the Country, enjoy the happy Oblivion which the Ignorance of the Provincials affords them, assume to themselves a second Youth, and create a new Reputation.

Mademoiselle

Mademoiselle *de Villiers* had only been unfortunate, this was unknown there, she was of an Age which did not require Concealment, her Charms were in their brightest Lustre; it would have been difficult to have kept them long concealed. There were many other Gentlemen's Seats inhabited in the Neighborhood of *Villiers*, besides a large Town, wherein my Mother was acquainted with all the People of the best Fashion. Madame *de Villiers's* Imprudence, founded on her Hopes of establishing her Daughter in some Family of great Quality, and the Addresses of the young Marquis *de Beaumont*, which made a great Noise in the Country, had put a Restraint on the Wishes, and kept in Awe all the young Men in the Neighborhood. But now the Marquis was married, and the *Fair Villiers* returned from *Paris*, and still free; it is no wonder if their Desire and Hope, of obtaining her, were raised by such favorable Circumstances.

The Carnival was not over when Madame *de Villiers* arrived in the Country



all the neighboring People of Fashion were then at the Town of — — , my Father's House was at a very small Distance from it. The Return of the *Fair Villiers* became immediately known, and my Mother and Sister were invited to every Entertainment which was given there, and many were added on their Account. The Beauty of Mademoiselle *de Villiers* outshone all the Charms of the Provincial Ladies, and she made almost as many Conquests as there were young Men, and even Men of a certain Age who were unmarried.

In the Number of her Admirers, three openly declared their Desire of marrying Mademoiselle *de Villiers* ; they offered her either their present Fortune, or their future Hopes, as a poor Return for the Happiness and Honor to which they aspired.

The first who proposed was Mr. *de Charleval*, a Gentleman of about fifty Years of Age, who was possessed of a good rather than of a splendid Fortune ; he addressed Madame *de Villiers*. As no one had

had before appeared so well disposed, and as she was sensible of the Necessity of seizing the first Opportunity of marrying her Daughter, she promised him all Success, only reserving to herself the Liberty of consulting her Daughter's Inclinations, upon whose Obedience she assured him she could safely rely. She did not defer acquainting the *Fair Villiers* that she had received a Proposal of a very advantageous Alliance, which she had accepted on Condition that it should be agreeable to her. My Sister answered, that she could not doubt of her Obedience, that she had likewise been spoken to, had acknowledged the Honor that was done her, and if Mr. *Charleval* would come into any Terms, the Affair would soon be concluded.

It was Mr. *Charleval* himself, said my Mother, who spoke to me, and he seems as impatient to bring it to a Conclusion as we can be.

But, replied my Sister, what will he settle upon his Nephew in present? for the Chevalier *Dorville* has no independent

Fortune, nor any Expectations but from his Uncle ; he hopes indeed, that Mr. *de Charleval* will leave him his Estate, but he may live a long Time.

My Mother did not understand her Daughter's Meaning, but the Mistake was in Time cleared up. While Mr. *de Charleval* applied to my Mother for himself, the Chevalier *Dorville*, his Nephew, had proposed himself to my Sister, and his Addresses were well received. It must be allowed this was a puzzling Situation, both for the Mother and Daughter ; there was one Way to extricate themselves out of the Difficulty, but they did not follow it.

A third Admirer, had he been possessed of the Power of disposing of himself, would have settled all Difference between the Uncle and Nephew. His Name was *Richecour*. He was Son to one of the richest Farmers of the Revenue in *Paris* : He was besides young, had a charming Person, and one of the finest Faces Nature ever formed. He had been intrusted with a considerable Employment in the Treasury, which was only to serve as an Introduction

duction to the greatest Posts in that Station. Mr. *de Richecour* lived at a considerable Expence in the Town of ———; he made an Entertainment for the *Fair Villiers*, with whom he was much in love before, and there in a little *tête à tête* she compleated her Conquest. He declared his Passion: she had wished to inspire it, and had not Power to reject a Proposal which would deliver her out of all Difficulties, in Regard to the Addresses of the Chevalier *Dorville* and his Uncle; besides that she imagined she might easily shake off the Chevalier, upon Pretence of the Impossibility of settling Terms with Mr. *Charleval*, and with still greater Facility dismiss the latter, as she had made him no Promise.

*Richecour*, as I have already said, was young and unexperienced; he conceived the most violent Passion for my Sister, and could not without the utmost Impatience think of all the indispensable Formalities which must necessarily precede the obtaining the Object of his Wishes. The first of all was to gain his Father's Consent. Madame *de Villiers*, to whom my Sister,



and *Richecour* himself, had imparted the Situation of their Hearts, and Intentions; my Mother, I say, become by cruel Experience more prudent, advised *Richecour* to write to his Father; but as she was doubtful of the Success that would attend it, she would however keep well with *Charleval*, either for the sake of himself, or the Chevalier *Dorville* his Nephew. For *Richecour* was desired not to appear at *Villiers*, while *Charleval* and *Dorville* had free leave to make their Addresses there. At first great Care was taken to conceal the Nephew's Courtship from the Uncle; and Madame *de Villiers* employed all her Art and Eloquence to bring *Charleval* into a proper Disposition to relinquish his Mistress and part of his Fortune to the Chevalier *Dorville*, when the Title of Rival should be added to that of Heir Apparent; a Title which is generally but a bad Recommendation to the present Possessor, especially when a Man is suspected of an eager Expectation of the Inheritance.

For some Time they continued on this Footing, Mr. *de Charleval* contented with endeavoring to please Mademoiselle *de Villiers*,

*Villiers*, and without explaining his Views to her otherwise than by a Gallantry in his Behavior, only put her to the Expence of a little Civility and Patience. But he began to press Madame *de Villiers* to bring the Affair to a Conclusion: He told her he had tried sufficiently to win his Mistress's Heart, who had shewn so much Regard to him, that he could not apprehend she would reject his Proposals. My Mother, who wanted to gain Time, assured him that she and her Daughter had nothing so much at Heart as the Honor of his Alliance, but confessed she had not yet written to her Husband about it, without whose Approbation she could not dispose of her Daughter. She then hinted some Fear lest Mr. *de Villiers* should make any Difficulty of consenting to his Daughter's marrying a Man so much older than herself, and that if he had had an Intention of settling the Chevalier *de Dorville* in the World, Things might have been contrived in such a manner as would, perhaps, have been more agreeable to Mr. *Villiers*, and would have equally established an Alliance between their Families.

“ What is the Meaning of this, Ma-  
 “ dam? (answer’d Mr. *de Charleval*, with  
 “ great Warmth) how comes my Nephew  
 “ in question? I myself intend to marry,  
 “ and to make a handsome Provision for  
 “ my Wife; as for my Nephew, he can  
 “ have no part of my Fortune till after  
 “ my Death, and then only in case I shall  
 “ have no Children. Of this I shall take  
 “ care to inform him directly, in desiring  
 “ him to cease visiting your Daughter, or  
 “ to return to his Regiment in Garrison;  
 “ I will undertake to obtain Mr. *de Villiers’s*  
 “ Consent, and I beg the Favor of you to  
 “ give me leave to write to him.

My Mother replied, he was at liberty  
 to do as he pleased, and she would not  
 fail to write herself, and solicit her Hus-  
 band’s Consent. She wrote the following  
 Letter to my Father the next Day.

“ I believe you, Sir, as well as my-  
 “ self, sincerely wish an Establishment  
 “ for your eldest Daughter. Two Gen-  
 “ tlemen at present wait her Acceptance;  
 “ one is a young Man, whom my Daugh-  
 “ ter

“ ter likes, who is every way suitable to  
 “ her, and may raise her to a very con-  
 “ siderable Fortune. I wait only for his  
 “ Father’s Consent to conclude this Af-  
 “ fair, to which I am sure you will not  
 “ refuse yours, as soon as I can inform  
 “ you of it. The other is old Mr. *de*  
 “ *Charleval*, whom you have seen in the  
 “ Town of — . To speak the Truth,  
 “ I look on him only as a *Pis aller*, in  
 “ case the Affair I have mentioned  
 “ should not succeed according to my  
 “ Expectations..

“ Mr. *de Charleval* intends writing to  
 “ ask your Consent to his Marriage with  
 “ your Daughter; I depend on your cor-  
 “ responding with my Views, and that  
 “ without giving an absolute Refusal, you  
 “ will require Time, and so order your  
 “ Answer as to delay his Hopes. It is  
 “ but natural to add, that my dear  
 “ Daughter is adored by all the People of  
 “ Rank near this Place, and that she can  
 “ not fail of a more eligible Husband than  
 “ *Charleval*.

“ I am, &c.



Mr. *de Charleval* wrote the same Day to Mr. *de Villiers*, and my Father received both Letters by the same Post. *Charleval's* was to the same Purpose with what he had said to Madame *de Villiers*, but he plainly assured him that he had her Consent, and that she had promised to procure the Approbation he now asked from him. He then entered into a circumstantial Account of the advantageous Terms he proposed, which were the same as Mr. *Dorigny* had made me at our Marriage.

My Father after having read these two Letters, condescended to ask my Advice. We feared Madame *de Villiers's* chimerical Notions of Riches and Grandeur, and my Opinion agreed with his; that is to say, we both thought that if my Sister had sufficient Courage to venture on Matrimony, she ought to accept without Delay the surest Offer, and receive Mr. *de Charleval's* Hand. But not to oppose too violently my Mother's Scheme, and as *Lent* was not over, my Father thought proper to promise Mr. *de Charleval* that he would wait on him before *Easter*, and give him  
him

him then the Consent he asked; if he persisted in the same Intentions towards his Daughter, and no Obstacle occurred. The following Letter he wrote to my Mother.

“ You cannot doubt my having the  
 “ same Desire that you express, towards  
 “ the Establishment of our eldest Daugh-  
 “ ter; the unfortunate Events which have  
 “ made her but too well known, renders  
 “ the Accomplishment of our mutual  
 “ Wishes on this Point too difficult, not  
 “ to dispose us to seize the Opportunity  
 “ which now offers. I received, as you  
 “ supposed, a Letter from Mr. *de Char-*  
 “ *leval*; I am sufficiently acquainted with  
 “ him, to assure you that his Proposal is  
 “ too advantageous, to be weighed with-  
 “ the Uncertainty of that you mentioned.  
 “ You should have told me the young  
 “ Gentleman’s Name; but believe me,  
 “ that since the Consent of his Father is  
 “ necessary, he will not give it but after  
 “ an exact Inquiry into your Daughter’s  
 “ Character, which you ought to have  
 “ foreseen and avoided, without obliging  
 “ me to remind you of the Reasons. I  
 “ confess

“ confess that if I had believed my Daugh-  
 “ ter had had Courage and Resolution  
 “ sufficient to enable her to follow what  
 “ Reason dictates, as the best Course she  
 “ could take ; I would have advised her  
 “ to the only thing which in my Opi-  
 “ nion is proper for her, and would have  
 “ secured her from the mortifying Con-  
 “ sequences which threaten her future  
 “ Peace; for I own I tremble, and much  
 “ more ought she to tremble, lest the Man  
 “ she marries should at some time become  
 “ acquainted with what passed in this  
 “ Town, and of the scandalous Reports  
 “ which were raised upon it. I cannot  
 “ conceal from you, that it is with Re-  
 “ gret I expose myself to Reproaches a  
 “ Man of Honor ought to avoid, and  
 “ may justly be made me. I am certain  
 “ that I could not survive the Disgrace of  
 “ being suspected by the World of having  
 “ deceived any one, and more particu-  
 “ larly a Man of Honor, who would  
 “ never forgive us, if he thought him-  
 “ self wounded in so tender a Part; the  
 “ Consequences cannot fail of being fatal  
 “ to my Daughter’s Happiness, and to  
 “ the Tranquility of my Life. Make  
 “ these

“ these Reflections, Madam, engage your  
 “ Daughter to make them likewise, and  
 “ if they have not the Effect I wish upon  
 “ you and her, and Mr. *de Charleval* per-  
 “ sists in the Design he now appears to  
 “ have, of honoring us with his Alliance,  
 “ take my Advice, and accept him pre-  
 “ ferably to any other Person; his For-  
 “ tune is more than sufficient, and his  
 “ Age threatens you with one Danger the  
 “ less, for the time to come. Consider  
 “ that the Inconstancy of Youth, autho-  
 “ rised by public Calumny, should excite  
 “ the most alarming Fears in both you  
 “ and her. However, I have written to  
 “ Mr. *de Charleval* in the manner you de-  
 “ sired; I have promised to bring him  
 “ my Consent before the End of *Lent*, if  
 “ no Alteration happens in his Sentiments,  
 “ nor unforeseen Obstacles arise. I beg  
 “ you will weigh with Care and Attention  
 “ all I have said, and be persuaded that  
 “ my Reflections are dictated only by  
 “ Honor, and the Affection with which  
 “ I shall always be your faithful, &c.

P. S. Pray give my Love to my  
 “ Daughter. Madame *Dorigny*, who is  
 “ still



“ still in great Affliction, presents her  
 “ Respects to you; and her most af-  
 “ fectionate Compliments to her dear  
 “ Sister.”

These Letters were received before Mr. *de Ricbecour* had the expected Answer from his Father; my Mother and Sister grew impatient for it. They made frequent Pretences for going into the Town, tho’ the true Reason was no other than to see *Ricbecour* and keep his Passion alive. They were so imprudent as to persuade him to write again to his Father; tho’ Mr. *de Villiers’s* Letter might have served as a sufficient Caution against this wrong Step; but they neither of them paid great Regard to it. His Reflections, reasonable as they were, seemed to them no more than the Chimeras of a timorous Man, who was consequently incapable of any noble Views. As for Mr. *de Charleval*, like a plain honest Man, he looked upon Mr. *de Villiers’s* Answer as an absolute Consent, and supposed that nothing was wanting to his Felicity, but to wait till *Easter*. He continued his Visits and his Courtship, he even grew a little more familiar

miliar with *Mademoiselle de Villiers*; he called her nothing but his dear little Wife, and such sort of Appellations, which greatly shocked the Delicacy of the *Fair Villiers*; but she was soon glad to admit of these little Liberties.

The Chevalier *Dorville* durst not appear at the Castle of *Villiers*, and the only means left him of seeing my Sister, was by cultivating a stricter Union with *Richecour*, though he was a more formidable Rival than his Uncle. Not being able to obtain the *Fair Villiers* himself, he was desirous at least not to lose the Inheritance he hoped for at the same time, and therefore wished Success to *Richecour* rather than to Mr. *de Charleval*.

*Richecour* soon was informed by the Chevalier, that his Uncle had gained Mr. *de Villiers's* Consent, at which he was a good deal alarmed; but my Mother made him easy, by telling him the Consent was only conditional, that she would never agree to it, and that as soon as he should receive his Father's Permission things would wear quite another Appearance.

ance ; adding, that she was certain Mr. *de Villiers* meant only to amuse Mr. *de Charleval*, and to gain Time. She even read some Lines out of my Father's Letter to Mr. *de Richecour*, which seemed to authorize the Construction she put upon them. But just before the End of *Lent*, Mr. *de Richecour* received an Answer to the two Letters he had written his Father. This Letter I shall hereafter insert. But Mr. *de Richecour* discreetly concealed it, and only told my Mother that he was deeply afflicted ; that his Father absolutely refused to consent to his marrying Mademoiselle *de Villiers* ; that he should always retain the most tender and respectful Sentiments towards her, but he confessed that he had too much Interest in preserving the Affection and good Opinion of his Father, to venture to disoblige him ; he therefore thought it necessary to discontinue his Addresses, and silently lament his Misfortunes, lest he should be of any Disadvantage to her Daughter in the superior Offers which she could not fail of receiving.

One may judge of Madame *de Villiers's* Disappointment, at receiving this Compliment. My Sister was not under less Consternation when her Mother informed her of it. They now felt the Necessity of keeping well with Mr. *de Charleval*, and applied themselves earnestly to cultivate his Favor. He was fully convinced he had made no small Impression on Mademoiselle *de Villiers's* Heart; he found her more pleased with his Addresses, more attentive to his Inclinations, even more kind, and reflected upon it with great Joy. It is a sort of Triumph to a Man of Fifty, to have an Opportunity of flattering himself that he has created a Passion in a young Person's Heart, and more particularly when that young Person has such a share of Beauty as secures her a thousand Admirers in every Place where she appears. Mr. *de Charleval's* Joy was too great to be silent; the End of *Lent* was come, my Father could not be long before he came to fulfil his Promise; he publicly declared his approaching Happiness, and received Congratulations upon it. Madame and Mademoiselle *de Villiers* were



were likewise congratulated, but found not the same Pleasure in it as Mr. *de Charleval* felt. But while he was employed in Preparations for his Marriage, his Nephew, who had been informed of it, wounded both in his Love and Fortune, unhappily poured out his Complaints to his Friend *Richecour*. This Gentleman, too good-natured not to pity him, confessed that he believed it was in his Power to make Mr. *de Charleval* give up all Thoughts of his intended Marriage; but he at the same time declared, that he was doubtful whether it would not be cruel to make use of that Power. The Chevalier *Dorville* was very importunate, his Situation was very affecting, he was exposed to absolute Ruin; in short, he attacked the prudent *Richecour* so forcibly on the Side of Compassion and Friendship, that he made him no longer prudent, and he consented to shew him the Letter he had received from his Father. It was such, that he was not at all surprized that his Friend had made a decent Retreat; nor could he doubt but it would determine his Uncle to follow the Example. But it was necessary for this Purpose, that Mr. *de Charleval* himself should.

should see this Letter. He gave leave to *Dorville*, under a Promise of Secrecy in regard to every other Person, to reveal the Contents of it to his Uncle. But was it probable that Mr. *de Charleval* would believe the Report of an unhappy Rival and Heir, who was doubly interested in breaking off an Union which at once ruined all his Hopes? *Dorville* insisted on his Friend's trusting him with the Letter, assuring him that he would not part with it out of his Hands. *Richecour's* strict Honor, a Quality seldom found in young Men when a Woman is the Object, made him withstand his Friend's Persuasions a long time; but at last the Interest of the Chevalier *Dorville*, whom he loved, conquered the Discretion he intended to have preserved in regard to the fatal Letter; and he gave it to his Friend.

*Dorville* was no sooner possessed of so important a Paper, than he went to wait on his Uncle. But before I relate the Consequences of this Communication, I should inform my Readers, that my Father had settled my Affairs, without Difficulty or Opposition; and had been informed

formed by Madame *de Villiers*, that according to his Inclinations she had broke off all Transactions with the young Man, mentioned in her preceding Letter, and that she and her Daughter were disposed to concur with his Views on Mr. *de Charleval*; who on his part only waited his coming, to finish an Affair on which they were all agreed. His Departure from *Paris* being thus facilitated, and his Return home hastened, my Father left me, and arrived at *Villiers* the same Day that *Richecour* intrusted the Chevalier *Dorville* with the Letter I have mentioned. My Father sent directly to inform Mr. *de Charleval* of his Return. He was with his Nephew when he received my Father's Message, and sent back Word that he was not very well, and begged the Favor of his Company the next Day to Dinner. Mr. *de Villiers* went according to the Invitation, without foreseeing the new Misfortune and Shame which attended him. *Charleval* artfully deferred speaking of Business till after Dinner, but as soon as that was over he retired with my Father, and thus addressed him.

“ If I did not feel a true Respect for  
 “ your Character, Sir, and had I not a  
 “ most sincere and tender Esteem for you,  
 “ I should say no more than that I had  
 “ seriously considered of the intended Al-  
 “ liance between me and your Daughter ;  
 “ my Age would furnish me with very  
 “ reasonable Excuses, such as you your-  
 “ self would approve, for breaking it off.  
 “ But Sir, I must give you Pain, and I  
 “ already suffer for that which I must in-  
 “ flict. It is neither my Age, the Re-  
 “ flections of my Reason, nor the Incon-  
 “ stancy of my Heart, which oblige me to  
 “ retract the Promise I had made ; nor  
 “ should you have known the Cause, did  
 “ I not think your Honor engaged to  
 “ prevent, what opened my Eyes from  
 “ ever appearing to any others than  
 “ your own. It is a Letter, Sir, written  
 “ by Mr. *de Richecour* to his Son, which  
 “ that young Gentleman has had the Dis-  
 “ cretion to conceal from every other Per-  
 “ son, though he had the Weakness to  
 “ trust it to my Nephew, more for the  
 “ Interest of his Friend than out of Re-  
 “ gard to me ; he made him give his  
 “ Word



“ Word that he would return it into his  
 “ own Hands, and let it be seen by no  
 “ one but me. I could shew it you, but  
 “ it is from young *Richecour* you must ob-  
 “ tain it. His Behavior concerning it,  
 “ proves to me that he is incapable of an  
 “ improper Conduct towards you. Read  
 “ it, and do you yourself advise me ; I  
 “ know how much you are to be pitied,  
 “ but I likewise know that you will give  
 “ me such Advice, as on the same occa-  
 “ sion you would follow yourself.

My Father trembled at the Sight of  
 this Letter, and could not read it without  
 shedding a Flood of Tears, without blush-  
 ing with Excess of Shame, and being again  
 oppressed with his past Misfortunes. Mr.  
*de Charleval* was moved with a sincere  
 Compassion. As soon as my Father had  
 done reading, he just suspended his Tears  
 to say to Mr. *de Charleval* ;

“ You ask my Advice, Sir, but your  
 “ Resolution must be already taken ; my  
 “ Daughter, though she is innocent, is  
 “ unworthy of you ; but permit the most  
 “ unfortunate of Fathers to ask a Favor  
 “ of

“ of you ; your Secrecy is what I beg, and  
 “ and that you will lay your Commands  
 “ on your Nephew to preserve the same  
 “ Caution : I must likewise desire that  
 “ this Affair may not interrupt the Friend-  
 “ ship; which I hope you will still retain  
 “ for me, and that you will give me leave  
 “ to accompany the Chevalier *Dorville*  
 “ immediately to Mr. *de Richecour’s*  
 “ House ; I will on my Knees, if it be  
 “ necessary, intreat him to give up to  
 “ me this melancholy Testimony of my  
 “ Daughter’s Misfortunes.

“ This was my Intention, Sir, (an-  
 “ swered Mr. *de Charleval*,) you may depend  
 “ upon mine and my Nephew’s Secrecy,  
 “ and upon a Friendship and Respect,  
 “ which nothing can ever alter. But I  
 “ ask your leave to do what is requisite  
 “ for securing Mademoiselle *de Villiers’s*  
 “ Reputation : Permit me to complain  
 “ loudly, that you have treated me dis-  
 “ respectfully, and have refused me the  
 “ Honor of marrying your Daughter ;  
 “ our common Friends will soon endea-  
 “ vor to reconcile us, and to renew a

K

“ Friendship

“ Friendship which will be ever highly  
 “ esteemed by me.

My Father was very sensible of the Delicacy of Mr. *de Charleval's* Behavior, and gratefully acknowledged it. The Chevalier *Dorville* was called; his Uncle gave him a tender and pathetic Lesson on the Secrecy which he exacted from him; he added an Argument which was not necessary to induce *Dorville* to do a worthy Action: After which, my Father set out with him for the Town of ——. They went together to Mr. *de Richecour's*, who was at first surprized at seeing Mr. *de Villiers* with his Friend *Dorville*; but the Chevalier having explained to him all that passed at Mr. *de Charleval's*, in returning the Letter, with which he had trusted him, *Richecour* delivered it to my Father, assuring him that nothing but the Interest of the Chevalier *Dorville* had induced him to trust it even to a Friend, upon whose Prudence he could rely.

“ I should be glad, Sir, added he, to  
 “ have less melancholy Offerings to make  
 “ you ;

“ you ; you may however see in this Let-  
 “ ter, and it can be no suspicious Testi-  
 “ mony, the uncommon Esteem my  
 “ Father has for you, and the Wishes he  
 “ would authorize me to form, if I could  
 “ ever obtain your Permission, and the  
 “ Consent of one who must be much be-  
 “ loved by you. This, Sir, was the only  
 “ Cause of my delaying the burning of  
 “ this Letter, and ought to assure you of  
 “ the eternal Silence which my Friend  
 “ and I promise to preserve, upon an Af-  
 “ fair in which we are all interested.

My Father answered so much Polite-  
 ness and Generosity, with Expressions of  
 the most tender Gratitude, and returned  
 with more Composure to *Villiers*. His  
 first Thought was to shew this Letter to his  
 Wife and Daughter, but reflecting on the  
 Rage which it would excite in *Madame*  
*de Villiers*, upon the Danger of renewing  
 his Daughter's Shame, on the Fear that  
 they would not have sufficient Command  
 over themselves, to conceal it from the  
 Eyes of *Richecour*, *Dorville*, and *de Char-*  
*leval*, when they should see them, and  
 conscious of their Imprudence, he deter-



mined not to speak of it, and only told them that Mr. *de Charleval* not having proposed such Terms as he thought due to his Daughter, they had broken off the Affair. This gave but little Concern to Madame or Mademoiselle *de Villiers*, they pleased themselves with more flattering Expectations, and only condescended to Honor Mr. *de Charleval* with a sovereign Contempt, while he was endeavoring to save them from public Scorn.

As soon as my Father was alone, he read Mr. *de Richecour's* Letter over again with more Tranquility; and as he concealed nothing from me, and had acquainted me with his leaving *Paris*, in order to marry my Sister as soon as possible to Mr. *de Charleval*; besides, that there were Things in the Letter which might give me Thoughts of entering into a new Engagement, he did not hesitate to inform me of the Alteration in Mr. *de Charleval's* Sentiments, and to trust the Letter to my Discretion, which had been the real Occasion of it.

I ought

I ought perhaps to forbear inserting a Copy of this Letter, if not because of the Compliments to me in it, which might flatter my Vanity, yet on account of the disadvantageous Description of Madame and Mademoiselle *de Villiers's* Conduct. But it will learn them nothing which can degrade them in the Eyes of my Readers more than what they have already seen, by what I have been obliged to say of them ; on the contrary, it will shew how a good Man thinks upon the Misfortunes which befall others, and how much he is disposed to justify what the World often condemns with too little Reason. Many of my Readers, perhaps, might complain, if I deprived them of the sight of a Letter from a reasonable Father, with the Knowledge of what occasioned the Alterations of which I have given an Account, leaving him unable to judge whether they were justly founded.

Here then is the Letter, such as my Father sent it me inclosed in one from himself.

Mr. *de Richecour*'s Letter to his Son.

“ I received the two Letters you wrote  
 “ me, and should have answered the first  
 “ in proper time, if I had not been desirous of Leisure, to make sufficient Inquiries after the Merit of the Alliance you propose to me. In Birth it is without Exception; perhaps above what yours could justly pretend to, and you do me Justice, my dear Son, when you think that in chusing a Wife for you, I should less regard the Fortune than the Merit of the Person, and your Inclinations. But this Inclination, my Son, should be towards a worthy Object; there is nothing against which a young Man of your Age should be so much on his Guard, as the dazzling and short-lived Splendor of Beauty. In short, I am credibly informed that Mademoiselle *de Villiers*'s Charms have captivated People superior to you, but that perhaps may be what has done more harm to her Reputation than it could justly receive from her Conduct. And that you may not suspect me of  
 “ assuming

“ assuming a capricious, or a too arbitrary  
 “ Authority ; I will give you an  
 “ exact Account of the Particulars, which  
 “ it was not difficult for me to learn, in  
 “ a Place where Madame and Made-  
 “ moiselle *de Villiers* unfortunately be-  
 “ came too famous. I must tell you then,  
 “ my Son, that Madame *de Villiers* passes  
 “ here in every one’s Opinion for a silly  
 “ and accomplished Coquet. Her House,  
 “ or rather her Father’s, was dedicated  
 “ to Gaming and Pleasure ; after she  
 “ came to *Paris*, it was the constant Ren-  
 “ dezvous of all Ranks, from the first  
 “ Quality to the lowest State. I should  
 “ avoid saying any more to you if I did  
 “ not design to cure you of a Passion,  
 “ which I do not, nor ever can approve.  
 “ Judge yourself upon what I am going  
 “ to tell you, under an Injunction of in-  
 “ violable Secrecy, if I am in the wrong,  
 “ when I declare myself in Terms so  
 “ positive. Mademoiselle *de Villiers* is  
 “ here believed to have been given up by  
 “ her Mother to a Nobleman about the  
 “ Court. I am far from believing such  
 “ injurious Reports, but unfortunately the  
 “ Scandal is recent, and what tends to  
 “ confirm it is, that Mademoiselle *de*  
 “ *Villiers*



“ *Villiers* was certainly run away with from  
 “ the Masquerade, that she followed this  
 “ Nobleman, and that the late Mr. *Dorigny*  
 “ her Brother-in-law, a brave Officer, and  
 “ a Man of Rank, was assassinated in  
 “ attempting to rescue her from her Ra-  
 “ visher. It is likewise certain that she  
 “ was carried by the Watch to the House  
 “ of ———, an Officer of Justice, who  
 “ told it me himself. Such, my Son, is  
 “ the Woman to whom you wished to be  
 “ for ever united. Once more I must  
 “ add, that I am far from believing this  
 “ young Lady has forfeited her Virtue,  
 “ and I would on no account have you  
 “ suppose she has ; but she has lost her  
 “ Reputation, which for a Woman is a  
 “ Treasure almost as essential as Virtue  
 “ itself. I desire, my Son, that in excu-  
 “ sing yourself to Mr. and Madame *de*  
 “ *Villiers* upon my refusing to consent to  
 “ the Marriage, you will preserve for  
 “ them, and especially Mr. *de Villiers*, all  
 “ the Respect and Esteem which is due to  
 “ him. He is one of the worthiest Men  
 “ I ever knew ; all the World renders  
 “ justice to his Character ; and to prove to  
 “ you that I should have thought myself  
 “ honored

“ honored by his Alliance, I wish that  
 “ young Madame *Dorigny*, his Daughter,  
 “ would accept your Addresses. I know  
 “ few Women in *Paris* so generally  
 “ esteemed, or more deserving to be so ;  
 “ People talk of nothing but her Virtues,  
 “ her Understanding, and her Accom-  
 “ plishments. She is said not to be near so  
 “ handsome as her Sister, but at the same  
 “ time they add, that she is much more  
 “ amiable. I wish, my Son, you were  
 “ acquainted with, and may appear agree-  
 “ able to her ; her Merit would make me  
 “ overlook the Misfortunes of her Fa-  
 “ mily, as they are also forgot by both  
 “ the Court and City as soon as she is  
 “ mentioned. Adieu, my dear Son, let  
 “ what I have said only serve for your  
 “ Benefit. Except our own Honor, no-  
 “ thing should be so dear to us as the Re-  
 “ putation of others.

I am, &c.

My Father, after having sent away this  
 Letter, went to spend some time at my  
 Country House, where he employed him-  
 self in putting my Estate into the same  
 order as he had before introduced into my

other Affairs. Madame and Mademoiselle *de Villiers* took Advantage of his Absence to make some Excursions into the Town of ——. Mr. *de Charleval* acted the Part he proposed. Madame *de Villiers* appeared much displeased with him, nor did she behave with more Politeness to Mr. *de Ricbecour*. As for the Chevalier, he was quite out of the question, and my Sister was very ready to receive such new Addressees as could not fail of being made her. At last, Chance, or her ill Fortune, brought thither a Man of a very good Family, who staid there on account of some Difficulties concerning an Estate that had been bequeathed him. He was called the Baron *de Aubecour*; he appeared there in considerable Figure. He was thirty, or at most thirty-two Years old, tall and well made; but the best thing one could say of his Face was, that there was something noble in his Look, but harsh and fierce. He saw Mademoiselle *de Villiers*, and immediately became her Captive. She behaved on this Occasion better than she had ever done before. The Baron *de Aubecour*'s Passion was too strong to be discouraged by a reserved Air; and one thing

thing aided her Charms in determining him to pursue his Inclinations. The Respect he saw every one had for my Father, he imagined might be of use to him in his Affairs. He proposed Marriage. This gained him a more favorable Reception; my Mother would not let slip another Opportunity. My Father, less satisfied than wearied by his Wife's and Daughter's Importunities, consented, tho' unwillingly, to the Match. The Baron was of a Family of Distinction, had a fine Estate, and in short was supposed to be rich; and after some Inquiries, and settling the usual Preliminaries to a Marriage, my Sister became Baroness *de Aubecour*. Alas! the Joy arising from this Marriage lasted no longer than the Baron's Law-suit; he lost it; this soured his Temper, and what was most unfortunate for my Sister, her Husband grew full of Suspicions, and jealous of her very Shadow. They likewise soon were told that all his Fortune was seized, and mortgaged, for Sums at least equal to its Value; his Houses and Gardens were entirely out of Repair, and he subsisted only by low odious Tricks and Contrivances. In this melancholy Situation, my  
Sister



Sister was persecuted to join in Means of raising Money, but as she was not of Age, my Father refused to consent to it ; and parted her and her Husband, who was glad to let her retire into a Convent where she would be no Expence to him. Happily for her, the only Offspring of this ill-fated Union died as soon as born. Such was, and still is, the Situation of the *Fair Villiers*. I at first used, and now continue, my utmost Endeavors to soften so hard a Lot ; my favorite Employment is giving her all the Assistance she can want, and which the Fortune I enjoy, well enables me to procure her.

I would not interrupt all I had to say concerning my Sister's Destiny, lest I should make any Confusion in the Recital of the remaining Events of my Life, which have led me to the Happiness I now enjoy.

The Reader left me depressed with the deepest Affliction ; the Loss of Mr. *Dorigny* was long present and most affecting to my Mind, but at last it gave way to Time and Reason, as I have already confessed,

ferred, and still more to the tender Friendship of Madame *de Francheville*, of her Mother, her Brother, and her Sister-in-law, who united the pleasing Sense of gentle Consolation with the melancholy Impression which still remained from the Misfortune I had suffered. I could not indeed bear the Sight of the Places where I had lived with Mr. *Dorigny*, but I obtained leave to go to the Convent where Madame *de Beaumont* lived, and to stay with her the rest of the Time which she had determined to pass there during the first Year of her Mourning; of which scarcely half was spent.

I sometimes saw the old Count *de St. Furcy* there, but he never mentioned his Son to me, and I was little inclined to begin the Subject. Nevertheless from the Marquis *de Beaumont* I learnt, that he fell dangerously ill from the time that his Presence, as I have already related, in all probability, saved my Life. This News greatly affected me. The young Marquis's Punctuality in giving me daily Accounts of his Health, relieved me from the Necessity of enquiring after it. He told

told me that the young Count's Liver was thought to be touched, and that great Vexations must have occasioned it. I trembled with the Thought of having any way contributed to it. In short, the longer and more dangerous this Illness proved, the more Power it had to awaken in my Heart Sentiments which Honor alone had stifled, but was now no longer their Enemy. I was no less diligent in my Endeavors to conquer them by the same Reflections, and the same Fears, which had induced me to sacrifice them to Mr. *Dorigny*; but my Heart was not formed to be hardened by the Sight of the Ills which I accused myself of having brought upon a Man, who was the first, and at the same time the only one, whom I thought worthy of my sincere Attachment.

I long concealed a Passion which kept the Decency of my Situation at continual variance with my Heart, and made a Breach between my Inclination and my Reason. But however, my Heart, or rather my Conduct, was obedient to these cruel Enemies of my Peace; and yet when I considered that *St. Furcy*, in restoring  
me

me to the Sense of my Affliction, had, at the same time, restored me to Life, I reproached myself for my steady partial Word! I should say, for my cruel Adherence to my Resolutions; and I beheld, with Horror, the painful Necessity to which, by a too rigid Duty, I was driven. Such were, for a long time, the Sentiments which, by the Count *de Furcy's* Sickness, were made to succeed my Grief. More than three Months of my Widowhood were already passed in this Conflict of cruel Sensations, equally painful to me, when the Marquis *de Beaumont*, after having visited his Mother, asked leave to see me alone; I trembled with the Fear of what he was going to say to me, he seemed discomposed and ill.

“ Oh! Sir, said I, in receiving him,  
 “ if you have any new Misfortune with  
 “ which to acquaint me, in Pity to what  
 “ I already feel, tell it me not.

“ No, Madam, answered the Mar-  
 “ quis, and he who sent me would less  
 “ deserve Compassion had he been a Wit-  
 “ ness of the Concern you thus shew for  
 “ him. The Physicians think they have  
 “ less



“ less Reason to fear for his Life, but the  
 “ real Cause of his Sufferings is not  
 “ known to them, nor within the Com-  
 “ pass of their Skill; there is only my-  
 “ self in the World to whom he has de-  
 “ clared it. You alone can restore him to  
 “ Life to his Friends.

“ I! Sir, I replied, good Heaven!  
 “ what can encourage you to say this to  
 “ me? Alas! do you consider my Situa-  
 “ tion?

“ Hear me, Madam, I intreat you,  
 “ answered the Marquis; I know you  
 “ cannot be so cruel as to refuse to my  
 “ Friend, to a Man to whom you owe  
 “ your Life, the small Assistance towards  
 “ saving his, which I venture to beg of  
 “ you. I do not attempt to obtain Per-  
 “ mission for him to wait on you. Alas!  
 “ if you would grant him that Favor,  
 “ he is not able to enjoy it, but he is  
 “ allowed to write: do not deny him the  
 “ small Consolation of laying before you  
 “ in a manner so innocent, the unhappy  
 “ Condition to which he is reduced. I  
 “ have not concealed from him your Con-  
 “ cern.

“ cern for his Sickness: would you give  
 “ him cause to accuse me of having de-  
 “ ceived him ? Let your Compassion on  
 “ him, your Friendship for me, prevail  
 “ upon you to condescend to grant the  
 “ Request I presume to make you.

“ Alas ! Sir, I cried, to what do you  
 “ expose me ? What do you require of  
 “ me ?

“ First, your Forgiveness, answered he,  
 (giving me a Letter) “ then that you  
 “ would peruse what *St. Furcy* has written,  
 “ and answer it, though you should pro-  
 “ nounce his Condemnation. His Life  
 “ is in your Power ; your Refusal, your  
 “ Silence would infallibly deprive him of  
 “ it ; and your Hand may preserve it, or  
 “ end it in a manner less painful, and  
 “ less cruel.

My Surprise, my Concern, my Tears,  
 threw my whole Soul into Confusion.  
 Compassion conquered every other Senti-  
 ment. With a trembling Hand I re-  
 ceived *St. Furcy's* Letter, without daring  
 to lift my Eyes up to the Marquis de  
 Beau-

*Beaumont* ; with a timorous Voice, and a Shame which none but the Guilty should know, I just summoned Courage enough to say,

“ Go, Sir, tell your Friend that I have  
 “ accepted his Letter, that I will read it,  
 “ and, if I can, will answer it ; but how-  
 “ ever that may be, desire him at least to  
 “ be careful of his Life.

“ I am going to preserve it, Madam,  
 replied the Marquis, in taking leave of  
 me.

As soon as I was left alone in my Room, I own I was seized with a secret Repentance for my Complaisance, and for the kind of Engagement I had brought upon myself. But it had not the Power of weakening my Curiosity (I might perhaps say my Impatience) to read the unhappy *St. Furcy's* Letter, of which I shall give a faithful Copy.

“ Madam,  
 “ Nothing less than all the Compassion  
 “ which I know your Heart is capable  
 “ pable

“ pable of feeling, and which my Con-  
 “ dition may inspire, can excuse the Li-  
 “ berty I take in writing to you ; but do  
 “ not imagine I should have had Courage  
 “ to have done it, if my Friends tender  
 “ Pity had not obliged me to so pre-  
 “ sumptuous an Attempt. Do me this  
 “ Justice, Madam, and do not by any  
 “ cruel Suspicions augment Misfortunes  
 “ I can scarcely now, and cannot long  
 “ support. Alas ! it is perhaps in vain  
 “ that I comply with the Marquis *de*  
 “ *Beaumont*’s Importunities ; the more  
 “ I examine what I think, and what I  
 “ feel, the less able I find myself to ad-  
 “ dress you. The only Sentiment I think  
 “ myself permitted to express, is my  
 “ Gratitude. You have been affected  
 “ by what I suffered, and shall I not be  
 “ allowed the Liberty of thanking you !  
 “ If the Cause of my Misfortunes, and my  
 “ present State of Health, could have  
 “ been as much a Secret to you as to  
 “ those who have used their utmost En-  
 “ vors to relieve me, I would have died  
 “ without exposing you to the Pain of  
 “ either pitying or regretting me. But  
 “ Madam, a Heart so sincere, so tender,  
 “ so



“ so open, as mine, could not be deceived  
 “ in regard to one so incapable of Diffi-  
 “ mulation. I know you once favored  
 “ me with a Share in your Affections ;  
 “ less indeed than you gave to your Rea-  
 “ son or your Duty. Oh ! have you  
 “ not, for a sufficient Length of Time,  
 “ sacrificed to them every other Conside-  
 “ ration ! What more can they require  
 “ from you ? Pardon me, Madam, I feel  
 “ that I say more than I ought, more  
 “ than I meant to say ; but the smallest  
 “ Expression of your Anger may suffici-  
 “ ently revenge you, and render incapa-  
 “ ble of farther Offence, a Man who can  
 “ live only for you, and who must wish  
 “ to die if he has the Misfortune of in-  
 “ curring your Displeasure.

*St. Furcy.*

I could not read this Letter without  
 bathing it in Tears. It but too well con-  
 vinced me that my Reason had little  
 Power over the tender Impression my  
 Heart had received. I had so much Com-  
 mand over myself as to confine my Sen-  
 timents within the Restraint of Silence,  
 but

but not to condemn a Passion that was in no respect criminal in *St. Furcy*, and which Time would render allowable even in me. And indeed I found myself less disturbed at my Sensations than at the Manner in which I should express myself. I determined in my Answer to confine my Terms within the Bounds of Decency, and render them suitable to the Uncertainty which must attend the future Actions of my Life. In short, I would say no more than what I thought necessary for the Preservation of young *St. Furcy's* Days, without giving too much Encouragement to, or entirely depriving him of Hope. The Inflexibility of his Father's Temper, made me think them vain and weakly grounded. As near as I can recollect, the Letter which I sent the next Day by the Marquis *de Beaumont* was as follows.

“ If I did not do the same Justice to  
 “ your Honor and Virtue, Sir, that you  
 “ obligingly do to my Sincerity, I should  
 “ not have consented to receive your Letter,  
 “ and still less to have answered it, so  
 “ soon after the great Loss I have suffered.  
 “ It is not, Sir, to deceive you,  
 “ nor

“ nor to represent myself as more deeply  
 “ afflicted than I really am, that I call  
 “ to your Remembrance a Misfortune  
 “ which neither Time nor Reason have  
 “ yet been able to banish from my Heart.  
 “ I am sensible that these must at length  
 “ prevail, and that what Decency strongly  
 “ forbids at present, Reason will in  
 “ Time permit and justify. The Sentiments  
 “ which I may then, perhaps, think  
 “ allowed me, are not required to make  
 “ me warmly interested in your ill State  
 “ of Health ; a Notion of having been  
 “ innocently the Cause of it most sincerely  
 “ afflicts me. But you know, Sir,  
 “ to what Authority I submitted my Inclinations ;  
 “ you are still under the same  
 “ Power. With what Hopes could we  
 “ then, or can you now flatter your self ?  
 “ Let what I am going to say satisfy you,  
 “ Sir. I know I am indebted to you for  
 “ my Life ; and since you remember you  
 “ were once the Object of my Affections,  
 “ you may imagine that Gratitude is not  
 “ my only Inducement for intreating,  
 “ for earnestly begging you not to neglect  
 “ a Life of so much Value to your  
 “ Friends.

*Villiers Dorigny.*

As soon as the Marquis *de Beaumont* had delivered my Letter to his Friend, he flew to me, as much out of Impatience to inform me of the Success of it, as to comply with the Desire of Mr. *de Furcy*.

See there, Madam, said he, in giving me a Letter, see the Miracles you can perform.

I took *St. Furcy's* Letter, and without Scruple read it in his Presence; these were its Contents.

“ I will, I must live, Madam, you  
 “ command it, that Command alone  
 “ would restore me to Life; but in vain  
 “ should I attempt to obey you, was I  
 “ not permitted to flatter myself with  
 “ the Hopes of living for you. If Rea-  
 “ son will ever plead to you in my Fa-  
 “ vor, the Authority with which you  
 “ threaten me, may perhaps be con-  
 “ quered by my Tenderness; allow me  
 “ at least to hope it.

“ I would not, Madam, said the Marquis,  
 “ suffer my Friend to say any more to you,  
 “ but



“ but snatched the Paper from his Hands.  
 “ I was impatient to see you again, and  
 “ feared lest he should suffer by writing a longer Letter, which he would  
 “ undoubtedly have done. I have procured some Alleviation to both his Uneasiness and yours ; with this at present  
 “ I am satisfied. Excuse me if henceforward I try every Means towards rendering you both happy.

You are certainly out of your Senses, Marquis, said I, as he got up to go to his Mother's Apartment. She intended leaving the Convent very soon, in order to spend the rest of her Widowhood at the Castle of *Beaumont*, and she had settled that I should accompany her in the Journey. It was some time since I received the Letter from my Father, which inclosed Mr. *de Richecour's*, as I mentioned in speaking of my Sister's Marriage, of which I had just heard an Account. I confess that I had given much less Attention to all the Compliments that were therein made to me, than I had to *St. Furcy's* Letter, and to the Warmth of the Marquis *de Beaumont's* Expressions ; I sincerely acknowledge they

poured

7

poured into my Heart the first healing Balm that entered it. From that time my Thoughts grew less melancholy ; it is true I had little Hope, but I enjoyed at least the Pleasure of hearing that Mr. *de St. Furcy* recovered daily ; I flattered myself with having contributed to his Health ; this one Thought appeared to me sufficient to constitute my Happiness ; but it was still to meet with more than one Interruption. The first Vexation I felt was the Necessity of going into the Country with the Dowager Marchioness *de Beaumont*, without having seen the young Count *de St. Furcy*. The Marchioness would make no Visit before her Departure. All her Family and her Friends came to take leave of her at the Convent ; the old Count *de St. Furcy* was one of those who came to wish her a good Journey. He did me the Honor of a Visit. I could not perceive any Diminution in his Partiality towards me ; he even said I must think of marrying again, that being in actual Possession of a very good Fortune I might marry very well, and he should be happy to be of any Service towards my Establishment ; that he always looked on

L

me

me as his Child, and esteemed it a Duty to interest himself in every thing that concerned me. But after all I had no Visit from his Son. As I could not suspect it was owing to Indifference, I perceived he was not so well as his Friend endeavored to make me believe. A Letter which I received from him the Day before our Departure, was calculated either to dispel my Fears for his Health, or to make me think that he tried to conceal the Badness of it, under a Pretence of having been laid under a Restraint which he had not the Power to remove. And this was the Effect it had upon me, that is to say, it left me in Uncertainty.

Mr. *de St. Furcy's* Letter.

“ I am informed, Madam, that you  
 “ go from hence to-morrow. Were I suf-  
 “ fered to have the Command of my own  
 “ Actions, I should have enjoyed the  
 “ Happiness of seeing you before your  
 “ Departure; but the Authority which  
 “ deprives me of this Blessing will never  
 “ have so much Power over my Senti-  
 “ ments as to alter them; you may be  
 “ assured they are entirely dedicated  
 “ to

“ to you. I do not at present ask any  
 “ Proof of yours, to know you is suf-  
 “ ficient to make me easy in that respect;  
 “ your Heart is incapable of Dissimula-  
 “ tion or Inconstancy; you would not  
 “ have permitted me to live for you, had  
 “ you intended to live for any other. You  
 “ even in Absence will be the sole Em-  
 “ ployment of my Thoughts, and I shall  
 “ assiduously endeavor to render myself  
 “ worthy of the Happiness of obtaining  
 “ you.

*St. Furcy.*

I set out on my Journey with this small  
 Consolation; which even the Marquis *de*  
*Beaumont's* Assurances could not render  
 of sufficient Weight to cure my Un-  
 easiness.

As soon as Madame *de Beaumont* arrived  
 at her Castle, she was visited by all her  
 Neighbors. I had the Satisfaction of  
 seeing my Father there, and of having a  
 long Conversation with him on every  
 thing relating to my own Affairs, and my  
 Family. It was then that he told me all  
 the Circumstances of my Sister's Marriage,



of which he could not write me word; he then began to be dissatisfied with it, he foresaw the Consequences which I have already related. Of this I had soon an Opportunity of judging from my own Observation, when my Mother introduced the Baron *de Aubecour*, and my Sister, to the Marchioness. The Baron seemed uneasy; my Sister looked weak and dejected. But yet Madame *de Villiers* boasted of the great Alliance she had made. She spoke with Raptures of the Marriage; but, as I have already said, she had no long Enjoyment of this kind of Triumph.

Mr. *de Richecour* also got himself introduced to the Marchioness. He did me the Honor to pay me more than common Regards, and shewed me particular Respect. I behaved to him with Politeness, without making any Reflections at that Time, on what his Father had said of me in his Letter. I conversed freely with him; I do not know whether he thought well of my Understanding, but I was pleased with his; I found in him good Sense, a rational way of thinking, and virtuous Principles. I commended all his

his good Qualities, so seldom found in a Man of his Age ; he received my Praises with the Confusion which generally arises from Modesty. Thus at least I judged of it ; if I was deceived, there was Reason to believe he was so likewise, in the Reception he met with from me ; I had seen some Proofs of it.

We had been near a Month at *Beaumont* without my having gone to take Possession of my Estate, when my Father asked me to spend a few days there with him. The Company was too agreeable for me to refuse the Proposal ; the Marchioness not only consented but approved it. Two days after I went Home, my Father received a Letter, which opening directly, he cried out to me, " My Dear, " this Letter is from the Count *de St. Furcy*.

My Complexion in a very short Space of Time exhibited a variety of Colors, not knowing whether it came from the Father or from the young Count ; but being soon told it was written by the Father, I trembled lest it should contain

some fatal Account of his Son's Health, and was ready to faint thro' Fear. My Father after having read part, gave it me, saying,

“ Take it, my dear Child, read it yourself; it concerns you more than it does me.

I shall transcribe this vexatious Letter; my Reader may judge of the Impression it must have made on me.

“ The Honor you did me, Sir, in  
 “ associating me by the Ties of Baptism in  
 “ the paternal Care and Duty towards  
 “ your amiable Daughter Madame *Dorigny*, has always inclined me to love  
 “ her as my own Child. The most  
 “ fortunate Accident that can be, affords me a favorable Opportunity of  
 “ acting the part of her Father. This, Sir,  
 “ gives me the Power of proposing a very  
 “ advantageous Marriage to our dear  
 “ Daughter. Young as she is she could not  
 “ properly remain a Widow. In the Town  
 “ of — lives a Gentleman named *Richelieu*, a Man well born, whose Father  
 “ is

“ is one of the most worthy Men in the  
 “ World, and is possessed of one of the  
 “ highest Posts in the Treasury. This  
 “ good Man, whose Merit I knew without  
 “ being acquainted with his Person, came  
 “ to visit me two Days ago. I am ignorant  
 “ where he learnt how sincerely I inter-  
 “ rested myself in every thing that relates  
 “ to you ; but in short he applied to me,  
 “ not to inquire into Madame *Dorigny*’s  
 “ Merits, of which he said he was by no  
 “ means ignorant, nor into her Fortune,  
 “ being entirely indifferent about it, but to  
 “ gain my Assistance towards obtaining  
 “ her for his Son ; whom he assures me is  
 “ known to you, and that you honor him  
 “ with your good Opinion. He tells me  
 “ that this young Gentleman had the same  
 “ Design on your eldest Daughter, but  
 “ not having been agreeable to her Inclination,  
 “ he more ardently longs that  
 “ Madame *Dorigny* may consent to be-  
 “ come the Band of an Alliance, for  
 “ which both he and his Son have a most  
 “ earnest Desire. Mr. *de Richecour*’s only  
 “ Wish is to procure for his Son a reason-  
 “ able and prudent Wife. Such an one he is  
 “ sure to find in my dear God-daughter.



“ As he intends that you and Madame  
 “ *Dorigny* shall dictate the Conditions of  
 “ the Marriage, as soon as I have your  
 “ Answer, which I think cannot be other-  
 “ wise than favorable, I will engage  
 “ him to accompany me to *Beaumont*,  
 “ where I have promised to wait on the  
 “ Marchioness as soon as possible, with her  
 “ Son and my Daughter, and we shall  
 “ there be able to finish this Affair in a  
 “ few Days. I send Madame *Dorigny* a  
 “ thousand congratulatory Compliments  
 “ beforehand. My Son, who was much  
 “ recovered, had a Relapse yesterday,  
 “ but I hope it will have but little Con-  
 “ sequence. I wish he may be able to  
 “ go to *Beaumont* with us, but I fear this  
 “ Return of his Disorder will not suffer  
 “ it. I am, with the Affection and Esteem  
 “ which you know I feel for you, Sir,  
 “ *De St. Furcy.*

This Letter overcame my Spirits, and  
 I could not restrain a Flood of Tears when  
 I finished reading. “ Oh Sir, cried I to  
 “ my Father, what! shall I be condemn-  
 “ ed to kill *St. Furcy*.” “ What do I  
 “ hear? answered my Father, has Mr.  
 “ *de*

“ *de St. Furcy* still an Interest in your  
 “ Heart ? you most sensibly alarm me.

My Father was ignorant of what had passed at *Paris* before my Departure ; as I did not imagine that any one would in my Situation think of troubling my Peace, I had concealed the unhappy *St. Furcy's* Letters and Inclinations. I always carried these delightful Letters about me. I took them out of my Pocket, and gave them to my Father, and falling at his Feet I said,

“ Forgive me, oh my dearest Father,  
 “ forgive your unhappy Daughter. Pity  
 “ the Writer of these Letters, pity my  
 “ Fears, pity my Despair. I ask no Fa-  
 “ vor for myself, but do not suffer me  
 “ to give Death to the Man who saved  
 “ my Life, to the most worthy Man in  
 “ the World, in short, to the Man I love.  
 “ Alas, if I cannot excite your Compass-  
 “ sion, if you will not relieve my Anxiety,  
 “ consider that in destroying *St. Furcy*  
 “ you at the same time destroy me ; I  
 “ would die sooner than disobey or even  
 “ displease you ; but my Obedience  
 “ would kill me.

L 5

While

While I was speaking to my Father his Eyes were fixed on *St. Furcy's* Letters, which drew from him a Stream of Tears ; I saw them flow. At this Sight I felt a Joy like being restored to Life ; it inspired me with Courage to relate what had given Occasion to them, and how they came to my Hands. My Sincerity increased the Softness of his melting Heart.

“ How perplexing is our Situation,  
 “ my dear Child ! What Answer can I  
 “ make to the Count *de St. Furcy* ! Can I  
 “ reject his Proposal without giving him  
 “ Reason to suspect me of being privy to  
 “ an Engagement, which undoubtedly I  
 “ ought, and shall always disapprove ? For  
 “ my Dear, do not flatter yourself with a  
 “ Supposition that my Heart can ever  
 “ enter into your Views. Can I even pre-  
 “ tend to be ignorant of them ? Oh  
 “ my dear Child, what a Slave is thy Fa-  
 “ ther to his Love for thee ! But alas !  
 “ what can I do ! what can I say ! in what  
 “ manner can we act !

“ Oh my dear Father, I cried, let  
 “ us save *St. Furcy*. Alas ! while you de-  
 “ liberate

“ liberate perhaps he dies. I am yet  
 “ scarcely entered into the sixth Month  
 “ of my Widowhood, and People dare  
 “ propose new Engagements to me!

“ Well my Dear, replied my Father,  
 “ let us make use of this Pretence; let  
 “ us at least delay our Misfortunes, if  
 “ Heaven will not afford us a Means of  
 “ avoiding them.

Just as my Father was going to answer  
 the old Count *de St. Furcy's* Letter, we  
 heard the Sound of Horses entering the  
 Court of the Castle. What did I feel, good  
 Gods! when I perceived the Marquis *de*  
*Beaumont's* Valet de Chambre who had come  
 Post. Powerful as Fear is, it cannot kill, or  
 I must have expired when I saw him come  
 towards me with a Letter in his Hand.

“ What brings you hither? said my  
 Father, for I had lost the Power of  
 Speech, “ how did you leave the young  
 “ Count *de St. Furcy*?

“ This Letter from my Master, said  
 “ the Messenger, contains one from the  
 “ Count.



" Count. I only wait for an Answer to  
 " return with all possible Haste to *Paris*."

" O give it me ! I cried, and opened  
 the Packet with the utmost Precipitation ; without looking at the Marquis's  
 Letter, I impatiently read these few  
 Lines which *St. Furcy's* trembling Hand  
 had written.

" I have just received Death's fatal  
 " Stroke. Nothing, Madam, is wanting to  
 " terminate my Life, but to see the Con-  
 " firmation of my Destiny signed by you.  
 " It is, alas ! the dreadfulest Thing that  
 " can befall me ; but it is Time to put an  
 " End to my deplorable Situation. If I  
 " lose you, can I accumulate too many  
 " Misfortunes ? those I expect will at  
 " last finish them which I still endure.  
 " Adieu.

I did not give myself Time to read the  
 Marquis's Letter ; in the midst of my  
 Grief and Tears, I wrote a few Words  
 which appeared too long for my Impa-  
 tience.

" Live,

“ Live, my dear *St. Furcy*, assure your  
 “ self I will never marry *Richecour*; such  
 “ an Intention was too foreign from my  
 “ Heart ever to enter my Thoughts. I  
 “ will never give myself to any one but  
 “ you. For you only I live. You alone  
 “ I love, or ever can love.

“ *Villiers Dorigny*.

“ Go, said I to the Messenger, giving  
 him this short Letter, wet with my  
 Tears, “ Set out this Instant, carry this  
 “ directly to your Master’s Friend without  
 “ stopping at any Place. I will read and  
 “ answer the Marquis’s Letter.

My Father saw me write, heard me  
 give my Orders, and dispatch the Mar-  
 quis *de Beaumont*’s Valet de Chambre, with-  
 out seeming any way concerned in what  
 passed before him. He was astonished  
 and almost motionless; nor durst I ven-  
 ture to look upon him.

“ Oh Daughter, Daughter, at length break-  
 “ ing Silence, how imprudent is this  
 “ Action? May Heaven prevent the Mis-  
 “ fortunes

“ tunes which I fear. I leave you, I will  
 “ go and write an Answer to Mr. *de St.*  
 “ *Furcy's* Father. What could I say to  
 “ you, in the Agitation wherein I now  
 “ see you?

As soon as I was alone, I read my  
 dear *St. Furcy's* Letter often over, I was  
 absorbed in Grief, and wild with my Im-  
 patience to have my Letter delivered to  
 him. I would however peruse the Mar-  
 quis's Letter. He told me in few Words,  
 that the old Count *de St. Furcy* had in-  
 formed his Son that I was going to be  
 married to Mr. *de Richecour*, and that it was  
 an Affair transacted by me since I was at  
*Beaumont*. That poor *St. Furcy* fainted away  
 at this Account; that on his recovering  
 his Senses, in his Arms he had obliged  
 him to write to me, and immediately sent  
 away his Valet de Chambre Post, with an  
 Order not to stop till he had delivered  
 into my Hands the Count's Letter, with  
 that he himself had written. He intreat-  
 ed me to send an Answer to *St. Furcy*,  
 unless I could administer no Consolation  
 to his Friend, and in that case to write  
 only to himself. He concluded by assu-  
 ring

ring me, that if his Friend's Misery was not absolutely decreed, he would exert his utmost Endeavors to restore him to Life, and preserve him for me.

“ How great an Obligation will you confer upon me, my dear Marquis! exclaimed I aloud, thinking I spoke to him.

My Father sent away the next Day the Answer we had agreed to give to the Count *de St. Furcy*; and I wrote to the Marquis *de Beaumont*. One may judge from the Situation of my Heart what tender Assurances it contained of my Affection for his Friend, and of Gratitude to him.

This painful State of Mind received no Alleviation for ten Days, which I passed in Sorrow and Tears. I not only would not return to *Beaumont*, but this cruel Anxiety served as a Pretence for admitting no Visits. *Richecour*, who had received Letters from his Father, sought me at the Marchioness's; he was accompanied by the Baron *de Aubecour*, whom he had gained over to his Interest, as I have since learnt, by promising to prevail with his Father

to



to lend him a Sum of Money which the Baron wanted, in order to retrieve his Affairs. They came with as little Success to my House ; for I did not appear before them. My Father received them, and without deviating from Politeness he gave them to understand, that the Loss I had sustained was too fresh in my Remembrance, and I was still too much afflicted, to listen to any Proposal of another Marriage ; that he owned he could not venture to mention it to me till my Mourning was entirely at an End. He dismissed them in this manner, seeming only to delay the fulfilling of their Hopes, notwithstanding the Baron *de Aubecour's* warm Solicitations.

My Affliction received at last a little Alleviation by the Presence of the Marquis *de Beaumont*. He came Post to his Mother's. Not having found me there, he would not defer even for an Instant, the coming to my House. The Sight of him at any other time would greatly have alarmed me ; but it now seemed not to foretel any Misfortune.

“ I come,

“ I come, Madam, cried he as he came  
 “ up to me, I come to relieve your Fears  
 “ for the Life of my Friend ; I come to  
 “ return my Thanks for his Recovery.  
 “ It is you who have again recalled him  
 “ from Death, you will not be married to  
 “ *Richécour*.

At these Words, notwithstanding the  
 Deference due to my Father's Presence,  
 I sprung into the Marquis's Arms ; I  
 embraced him ; I thanked him ; all the  
 Anxiety which had entirely possessed my  
 Heart, vanished in this Transport. I  
 wanted to be informed of every Circum-  
 stance of my Happiness, for it was a  
 great one to me, to be assured that at last  
 the Attempts of restraining my Liberty  
 would cease. This was what the Mar-  
 quis immediately related to me.

“ When I wrote to you, Madam, *St.*  
 “ *Furcy* was in a Condition that raised  
 “ various Apprehensions for his Life.  
 “ His Despair was capable of every Ex-  
 “ tremity. His wild Imagination was  
 “ filled with the most fatal Resolu-  
 “ tions.

“ tions. He no longer depended on your  
 “ Affections, and I had reason to fear the  
 “ most cruel Effects from it. In this  
 “ dreadful Situation I obliged him to write  
 “ to you ; but notwithstanding all the  
 “ Precautions I could take, I durst not  
 “ lose sight of him an Instant ; I never  
 “ left him till the return of my Messenger.  
 “ The little that you wrote to him was  
 “ without doubt designed to restore his  
 “ Mind to Ease and Tranquility. Alas !  
 “ it was very near having quite a different  
 “ Effect. In reading it he shed Tears of  
 “ Rage at himself. He could never, he  
 “ said, forgive himself, for having sus-  
 “ pected you of Inconstancy. He no  
 “ longer deserved his Happiness ; he could  
 “ not expiate his Offence but by dying at  
 “ your Feet. His Sister, by good Fortune,  
 “ came to my Assistance. It was with great  
 “ Difficulty we recovered him from this  
 “ new Fit of Despair ; nor could we prevail  
 “ but by persuading him that this way of  
 “ thinking was more injurious to you than  
 “ his Jealousy, since if it came to your  
 “ Knowledge, you would undoubtedly fall  
 “ a Victim to it. Upon this *St. Furcy*  
 “ grew calm, and the tenderness of his  
 “ Love.

“ Love conquer’d his Remorse and Fear.  
 “ As soon as I saw him a little more com-  
 “ posed, I flew to *Richecour*’s House, and  
 “ was not deceived in the Hopes which  
 “ his Reputation had raised in me. As  
 “ soon as I described to him the Condition  
 “ into which his Son’s Addresses to you  
 “ had reduced my unhappy Friend, he  
 “ assured me that the next Day should  
 “ not pass over without his inventing a  
 “ Pretence, for retracting his Engage-  
 “ ments with the Count de *St. Furcy*; and  
 “ that he would keep a proper Guard on  
 “ himself, that he might not betray the  
 “ Secret with which I had intrusted him.  
 “ He also promised me to order his Son  
 “ to discontinue the Addresses which his  
 “ Approbation had before authorized.  
 “ *Richecour* kept his Word. He went to  
 “ the Count’s the next Day. I know not  
 “ what Excuse he made, but we could  
 “ easily perceive that the Count was not  
 “ not very well pleased with his Visit.  
 “ You know the Obstinacy of my Father-  
 “ in-law’s Temper; he never mentioned  
 “ *Richecour*; but two Days after, meet-  
 “ ing us at his Son’s House, he told my  
 “ Wife and me, that he intended setting  
 “ out.



“ out directly to wait on my Mother,  
 “ and imagined we would accom-  
 “ pany him. Then turning to his Son,  
 “ As for you, Sir, said he, you are too  
 “ weak ; I do not suppose you will of a  
 “ long time be able to undertake that  
 “ Journey. My Friend made no other  
 “ Answer than that he was of the same  
 “ Opinion.

“ As soon as he had left us alone, we  
 “ consulted in what manner it would be  
 “ most prudent for *St. Furcy* to act. As  
 “ his Father had laid no Injunctions upon  
 “ him, we agreed that after our Depart-  
 “ ture, on the first Letters he should  
 “ receive from us or my Mother, he  
 “ would be at liberty to come to us at  
 “ *Beaumont*. With these Hopes we left  
 “ him. My Wife, whose present Con-  
 “ dition requires Care, travels slowly with  
 “ her Father and her Servants. I do not  
 “ expect them at *Beaumont* till two Days  
 “ hence at soonest. As for me I made all  
 “ possible haste that I might have time to  
 “ see you, and acquaint you with every  
 “ thing that had passed. And now take  
 “ my Advice ; defer your Return to  
 “ *Beau-*

“ *Beaumont* till the Count and my Wife  
 “ are arrived, and then stay till my Mo-  
 “ ther makes you an Invitation. I cannot  
 “ tell you my Scheme ; if I have the ill  
 “ Fortune to be disappointed, your Un-  
 “ easiness would only be increased by  
 “ being trusted, and in other Respects it  
 “ is better you should be ignorant of our  
 “ Designs.

My Father and I returned a thousand  
 thanks to the Marquis for his kind Inten-  
 tions, and his obliging and prudent Beha-  
 vior. He would stay no longer, but set  
 out for *Beaumont* directly, tho’ it was then  
 very late.

I spent six Days in constant Expectation  
 of some Message from the Marquis or his  
 Mother. My Father at last received a  
 Letter from her, inviting him to come  
 alone to dine there the next Day. She  
 informed him that the Count *de St. Furcy*  
 and his Daughter had been there four  
 Days. She added, that it would not be  
 proper for me to accompany him, but  
 that I should be at liberty to come there  
 with him as soon as he had acquainted me  
 with

with some things she had to tell him. This Letter, which my Father had shewn me, made me pass all the Day that he spent at *Beaumont* in a painful Anxiety between Hope and Fear ; the latter indeed prevailed over a Hope, which appeared to me without Foundation. This Chaos of my Thoughts was but too well cleared up at my Father's Return.

Upon his Arrival his Countenance plainly shewed me that he had only afflicting Circumstances to relate. But among all the Misfortunes which his Melancholy seemed to threaten, I could never have divined that with which he was going to acquaint me. He durst not tell it abruptly ; but chose by giving me an exact Account of what had passed at *Beaumont* from the time of Mr. *de St. Furcy's* Arrival, to prepare me by degrees for the Shock he was obliged to give my Passion. The Terror I had shewn on first seeing him, made him believe that I apprehended some fatal News concerning the young *St. Furcy's* Health. He began by making me easy on that Point ; after which he continued speaking to me in the following manner. “ As

“ As soon as I got to the Castle of  
 “ *Beaumont*, the Marchioness desired to  
 “ speak to me in private. She told me  
 “ that since the Arrival of the Count *de*  
 “ *St. Furcy*, the Marquis *de Beaumont*,  
 “ his Lady, and she herself had tried  
 “ every Method, and employed all their  
 “ Eloquence, in endeavoring to bring  
 “ the Count to consent to his Son’s Mar-  
 “ riage with you. That they had used  
 “ every Argument which Friendship, pa-  
 “ ternal Tendernefs, or meer Humanity  
 “ afforded them. That they had had re-  
 “ course to your Rank in Life, and to  
 “ your present Fortune, to conquer his  
 “ Resolution, but without being able to  
 “ obtain a favorable Answer ; at last the  
 “ Marquis happening, as his Mother told  
 “ me, to reproach the Count, that he  
 “ must either have no Concern for his  
 “ Son’s Life, or have conceived an in-  
 “ vincible Aversion to you ; the Count  
 “ replied, that he was incapable of such  
 “ Insensibility, or so unjust a Prejudice ;  
 “ that his Son’s disobedient Refusal of  
 “ all the Engagements he had contracted  
 “ for him, very justly kindled his An-  
 “ ger ;



“ ger ; but had not extinguished his ten-  
 “ der Affection for him, and the Esteem  
 “ his good Qualities deserved. And he  
 “ spoke of you, my dear Child, with so  
 “ much Applause and Friendship, that  
 “ she thought herself authorized by it,  
 “ once more to urge him to consent. At  
 “ last, as if he yielded to their Persuasions,  
 “ he desired to see me in private before  
 “ he gave them a positive Answer. Upon  
 “ this, continued the Marchioness, I in-  
 “ vited you to Dinner without our dear  
 “ Madame *Dorigny*. I am ignorant of  
 “ the Duke’s Intentions ; but since yester-  
 “ day he has appeared more composed  
 “ and chearful. Let us go to him ; let  
 “ us see what we have been able to effect.  
 “ We went into the Gallery, where the  
 “ Family usually met before Dinner ; we  
 “ found the Count there with his Daugh-  
 “ ter and his Son-in-law. O ! Sir, cried  
 “ the Count, you are most welcome ; we  
 “ wanted so good and honest a Man as  
 “ you are to make Peace among us. This  
 “ Lady and my Children will, I hope,  
 “ suffer me to justify myself before you,  
 “ against the Crimes of which I am accused.  
 “ I would have returned him Thanks for  
 “ his

“ his Politeness, and have excused my  
 “ self from the Office with which he ho-  
 “ nored me, but he stopped me by say-  
 “ ing, I beg, Sir, that you will hear me ;  
 “ I am charged with Cruelty to my Son ;  
 “ you are so well acquainted with my  
 “ Heart, you can do me Justice in this  
 “ Respect ; what I have done, and  
 “ would still do for him, would suffici-  
 “ ently prove it, if his Disobedience did  
 “ not prevent me. I never yet heard that  
 “ paternal Fondness cannot subsist with a  
 “ proper Authority over our Children.  
 “ You, Sir, have been happier ; your  
 “ Daughter in marrying Mr. *Dorigny*,  
 “ in my Opinion, set my Son such an  
 “ Example of Resolution and Duty, as  
 “ might have tempted him to imitate her.  
 “ But to say no more of my Affection  
 “ for my Son, or of his Disobedience, I  
 “ have another Imputation to confute,  
 “ with which I am at least as sensibly af-  
 “ fected. I am accused of an invincible  
 “ Aversion to Madame *Dorigny*. Do you  
 “ believe it, Sir ? She is your Daughter,  
 “ and my God-daughter, she has a thou-  
 “ sand good Qualities ; she has always  
 “ shewn herself worthy not only of my  
 M “ Esteem,

“ Esteem, but most tender Friendship and  
 “ Respect; and notwithstanding all this  
 “ I should hate her! No Sir, I hate her  
 “ not; it would ill become my Age to say  
 “ I love her, but if the Offer of my Name,  
 “ my Rank, and my Hand, can excuse  
 “ such a Sentiment, they are at her Com-  
 “ mand, and I ask her for myself.

“ Oh! Heavens! cried I to my Fa-  
 “ ther, what is it you tell me!

“ What I trembled to inform you of,  
 “ continued he, what astonished us all.  
 “ But listen to the Sequel. The Marquis *de*  
 “ *Beaumont* could not hear this Declara-  
 “ tion but with Horror; he went out  
 “ without speaking. The Marchioness,  
 “ his Mother, cried out, You, Sir!  
 “ and the Count replied with Warmth,  
 “ Yes, Madam, myself; to Mr. *de Villiers*  
 “ I apply; from him I expect my An-  
 “ swer. I confess, my Dear, I was so asto-  
 “ nished, so disconcerted, that I an-  
 “ swered at first without well knowing  
 “ what I said, that the Addressee of a Man  
 “ of his Rank could not but do us both  
 “ great Honor; but after coming a little  
 “ to

“ to myself, I told him that I never  
 “ thought I had a Right to force my  
 “ Childrens Inclinations. The Marriage  
 “ of my eldest Daughter sufficiently pro-  
 “ ved this, since it was by no means a-  
 “ greeable to me. That you more par-  
 “ ticularly had acquired by your Widow-  
 “ hood, a kind of Liberty to dispose of  
 “ yourself. This might render you averse  
 “ to a Power which I had never been in-  
 “ clined to exert in its utmost Extent.  
 “ But I promised to acquaint you with a  
 “ Proposal, which greatly as it may be  
 “ to your Honor, is not thereby made  
 “ less grievous and afflicting to your  
 “ Passion. The Count not very well  
 “ pleased with my Answer, proposed  
 “ waiting on you himself to-morrow to  
 “ offer you his Hand. The Marchioness,  
 “ his Daughter, and myself, prevailed on  
 “ him to forbear it; I undertook to carry  
 “ him whatever Answer you shall dictate.  
 “ Judge, my dear Child, of the strange  
 “ Situation into which this threw me.

“ Oh! my dear Father, I answered, is  
 “ mine less melancholy? alas! is it not a  
 “ thousand times more grievous?

M 2

“ After



“ After Dinner, continued my Fa-  
 “ ther, at which the Count had used un-  
 “ availing Endeavors to enliven the  
 “ general Dejection that hung over our  
 “ Spirits ; the Marquis took me aside,  
 “ just as I was going away ; Let me intreat  
 “ you, Sir, said he, not to afflict Madame  
 “ *Dorigny*. I am going to send away  
 “ Post, a Man on whom I can depend,  
 “ to inform my Friend that, whatever  
 “ may be the State of his Health, he  
 “ must instantly set out for this Place.  
 “ I have not acquainted him with his Fa-  
 “ ther’s strange Design ; that would have  
 “ been fatal to him ; on the contrary, I  
 “ have flattered his Hopes, as the surest  
 “ way of bringing him quickly hither.  
 “ Find some Pretence for deferring the  
 “ Answer you are to give my Father-in-  
 “ law, but if it is necessary, rather flatter  
 “ his Hopes than exasperate him by a  
 “ Refusal. The Count is certainly one  
 “ of the best Men in the World ; but  
 “ likewise one of the most obstinate,  
 “ when any one has Imprudence or Cou-  
 “ rage enough to oppose him. The only  
 “ way of gaining any thing of him, is  
 “ to

“ to make the good Action one wishes  
 “ for, his own Choice. By good For-  
 “ tune for his Family, he is born reason-  
 “ able, virtuous, and tender; I still have  
 “ some Dependence on the Goodness of  
 “ his Heart. It may be again awakened to  
 “ Justice and Humanity, but that can alone  
 “ be done by shewing such heroic Virtue  
 “ and Fortitude as must make him blush  
 “ at his own Weakness. All I can now  
 “ say is, let us unite our Endeavors. I  
 “ tremble at giving you the Advice which  
 “ I think myself bound to follow; for  
 “ to me it seems the necessary Part to act.  
 “ My Friend will not come here directly,  
 “ he will appear only at a proper Time.  
 “ Adieu, Sir, make Madame *Dorigny* as  
 “ easy as you can; let her depend on this  
 “ at least, that no Hopes she can give  
 “ the Count shall engage her in any Con-  
 “ sequences; I undertake to release her  
 “ from all her Promises, if she finds her-  
 “ self obliged to make any. ——— Well,  
 “ my Dear, added my Father, what can  
 “ we determine? You must yourself assist  
 “ me, enlighten my Mind, and fortify  
 “ my Heart, I can never want such As-  
 “ sistance more. I think, answered I, that  
 “ the

“ the Marquis *de Beaumont*'s Advice is  
 “ our only Resource ; but what will be-  
 “ come of me if they should fail of pro-  
 “ ducing the good Effects we hope ?

“ Shall I tell you what most afflicts  
 “ me ? it is the Insincerity of the Beha-  
 “ vior prescribed me. No, no, I can  
 “ never agree to it, nor be able to ap-  
 “ pear before a Man I have endeavored  
 “ to deceive.

“ Oh, my dear Child, wherein do you  
 “ place your Hopes ? and what Plan have  
 “ you formed for your Conduct ?

“ Let us act sincerely, Sir, said I, with  
 “ an Air of more Courage than I had  
 “ yet shewn. A terrible Sacrifice is re-  
 “ quired from me ; but was my Death  
 “ to be the immediate Consequence, I  
 “ will make no Promise which I am not  
 “ determined to keep. If they should  
 “ take place, I know not whether the un-  
 “ happy *St. Furcy* or myself shall first fall a  
 “ Sacrifice to Grief ; but I know we shall  
 “ both form the same Wishes, and that  
 “ kind Heaven will not longer delay the  
 “ granting them. My

My Father was astonished at my Resolution ; and was shocked with the melancholy Presage which I had formed upon it. He was two Days before he could determine to carry to the Count *de St. Furcy*, an Answer from which he saw none but fatal Consequences likely to arise. During this time, and till the Moment of his Departure, he never ceased consulting my Heart upon the Resolution I had taken.

When he left me, I told him, “ All  
 “ that I can foresee, I have already  
 “ thought of ; I may be a Sacrifice to  
 “ the Marquis *de Beaumont*’s Advice ; but  
 “ he is *St. Furcy*’s Friend, and I look up-  
 “ on it as obeying *St. Furcy* himself. I  
 “ have formed my Resolution ; I blindly,  
 “ but resolutely, yield myself up to my  
 “ Fate.

My Father took leave of me with Tears in his Eyes. I remained ignorant of the Consequences of his Visit, and of the Effect of the Message which he carried to the Count *de St. Furcy*, till the next



Day. Without troubling my Readers with the State of my Mind during his Absence, I proceed to his Return, and the Account he gave me. He told the Count *de St. Furcy* that he found me so ill, he could not sooner oblige me to give an Answer, which deserved my most attentive Reflections. He then assured him that I thought myself much honored by the Offer of his Hand, and that I should soon be able to wait on him, and make my Acknowledgments for the Honor he intended me. My Father told me, the Count seemed struck with what he said, had been a little puzzled how to answer it, but after recovering himself, he replied with an Air of Satisfaction ; “ Madame “ *Dorigny*, Sir, has no Reason to think “ herself obliged to me, it is my Thanks “ that are due to her. I ought to set “ out directly to perform this Duty ; but “ you say she is indisposed ; perhaps my “ Gratitude would be troublesome ; I “ shall therefore stay till I hear her Health “ is restored before I wait on her. He “ then, continued my Father, communi- “ cated to all the Family the agreeable “ News I had brought him. The two “ Mar-

“ Marchionesses, notwithstanding their  
 “ Astonishment, made him their Com-  
 “ pliments of Congratulation; the Mar-  
 “ quis *de Beaumont*, who had Reason to  
 “ be less surprized, added his, with such  
 “ an Air of Ease and Satisfaction as ama-  
 “ zed all the Ladies. This was pretty  
 near all my Father had to tell me.

We remained five Days in the cruel  
 Uncertainty of what would happen; the  
 old Count sent Enquiries after my Health  
 every Day. My Mind was so agitated,  
 that I could easily persuade his Messenger  
 that I was not very well. The sixth Day  
 I received in the Evening a Letter from  
 the Marquis of *Beaumont*, who informed  
 me of his Friend's Arrival; he assured me  
 that he had seen him, and that he was in  
 good Health; that I might come to  
*Beaumont* the next Day in the Afternoon;  
 he advised me above all things to continue  
 to act the same Part toward his Father-  
 in-law. My Resolution was taken, and  
 I had prepared what I intended to say.  
 We got to *Beaumont* at the time the Mar-  
 quis had fixed. As soon as the Count  
 saw us, he came up to me; he attributed

his not having waited on me, to acknowledge the Honor I had done him, to his great Attention to my Health, and Fear of disturbing it. He observed I was much altered; indeed I might well be so. In short, after the Compliments at first meeting were over between the Ladies and myself, Mr. *de St. Furcy* returned me his Thanks in Form for the obliging Readiness with which, he had been told by my Father, I had received the Offer of his Hand. He added, he had so true a Sense of his Age, that he could not but fear lest the Consent which I had perhaps given in compliance with my Father's Solicitations, was secretly regretted by my Heart; that he should be miserable if a thing he had thought of, in order to exalt me to a Rank which I was qualified to honor and adorn, should be disagreeable to me, and therefore it was from my Lips only he would receive his Sentence. He entreated me to speak with my usual Sincerity, without any Fear of, or Regard for, the Authority or Presence of those who heard me.

“ I am

“ I am very ready, Sir, I replied, to  
 “ answer to the Honor you do me, with  
 “ the Sincerity which you obligingly com-  
 “ mand. Constraint has had no share in  
 “ determining me to accept the Proposals  
 “ which you desired my Father to make  
 “ me. I willingly subscribe, Sir, to the  
 “ Engagements he has, at my Request,  
 “ entered into with you. Neither Ambi-  
 “ tion nor Gratitude have induced me to  
 “ this Resolution: I have a more noble  
 “ Motive, which ought to make up for  
 “ any Deficiency you may unjustly sus-  
 “ pect in my Sentiments towards you. It  
 “ is the Affection you owe your Son, and  
 “ that which I had for him, which have  
 “ determined me. If he cannot lose all  
 “ Hopes of me without Grief, it must still  
 “ be less than he would suffer at being  
 “ deprived of your Love. While he has  
 “ any Expectation of being united with  
 “ me, he will not enjoy any Proofs of an  
 “ Affection so dear to him. The Respect  
 “ we both have for you might have eased  
 “ your Apprehensions as safely as the  
 “ Bands which now await me; but since  
 “ the depriving him of all Hope is ne-  
 “ cessary



"cessary to your Tranquility, I readily  
 "consent to rob him of it for ever. There  
 "is my Hand, Sir, and with it I give  
 "you all the Esteem, Respect, and Vene-  
 "ration, which are due to your Rank and  
 "Virtues; and from this Moment, to  
 "you I dedicate for the remainder of my  
 "Life, all the Obedience and Tenderneſs  
 "to which, as my Husband, you are go-  
 "ing to have a just Claim.

"Oh, Madam, cried the Count *de St. Furcy*,  
 "what Fortitude appears in you! I am  
 "neither worthy of such Virtue, nor of so  
 "great a Felicity as you offer me. Could  
 "you think that at my Age I would ex-  
 "act such a Sacrifice from you? No, I  
 "only wanted to try you thoroughly.  
 "Oh! you are my Daughter, and de-  
 "serve to be so. Alas! continued he,  
 "letting fall some Tears, my unfortu-  
 "nate Son is ignorant of his Happiness.  
 "Oh! that I could but fold him in my  
 "Arms, and recompense him in one  
 "rapturous Moment for all the Pain he  
 "has suffered!

" You

“ You may do this, my dear Father,  
 “ said the young Marchioness *de Beau-*  
 “ *mont*, throwing herself at his Feet;  
 “ my afflicted Brother is here: upon his  
 “ Arrival he was told your Intention,  
 “ and, afraid of appearing before you, he  
 “ only stays, as he told me, for the friend-  
 “ ly Shade of Night, to go and hide his  
 “ Grief in some melancholy Retreat, where  
 “ he may wait his only wished Relief from  
 “ the cold Hand of Death, without inter-  
 “ rupting the Pleasures of your happier  
 “ Life.

“ What! said the Count, my Son is  
 “ here! knows my Design, and fears  
 “ troubling my Happiness! Oh! my  
 “ Child, bring him to me, and I will  
 “ effectually compleat his.

At these Words, while we all shed  
 Tears of Joy, Mr. *de Beaumont* flew out  
 of the Room like Lightning. The old  
 Count rose from his Seat in order to come  
 to me; I sprung into his Arms, and he  
 was embracing me with all the sweet Ex-  
 cess of paternal Love, when his Son,  
 trem-

trembling, and doubtful yet of our general Felicity, came, and threw himself at his Feet.

“ Oh ! my dear Father, said he, shedding Tears which sprung from two very tender Sensations ; is it true, is it possible that you can give up the Sweets of your Life to save mine, to render it blessed ? No, Sir, it does not deserve so great a Sacrifice. I would have contended with all the human Race for Madame *Dorigny's* Hand, but never can I consent to rob you of the Happiness of possessing it ; her Virtue assures you of her Heart. Alas ! I have too severely felt the Pangs which must attend the Loss of it, to form a Wish of exposing you to the Torments I have suffered. Live, my dear Father, live happy with Madame *Dorigny* ; I will behold your Felicity without Sorrow or Regret, it shall efface from my Mind even the Remembrance of my past Misfortunes : in short, I shall be happy if you are so : I ask but one Favor from your indulgent Goodness. The World——

“ Cease

" Cease to proceed, and let me raise  
 " you from this Posture, my dear Son,  
 " interrupted the Count. Whatever that  
 " Favor may be I refuse it. Have you  
 " been so unjust as to suspect your Father  
 " of a Passion, which I allow Madame  
 " *Dorigny* might inspire, but for which at  
 " my Age it would have been ridiculous  
 " to have expected the least Return. No,  
 " my Son, I appeared your Rival, only  
 " to be more certain of your Happiness.  
 " This innocent Stratagem has shewn  
 " your Virtue in the fairest Light; for-  
 " give it, my Son, it renews the Tender-  
 " ness of my Affection, which becomes  
 " more pleasing to me since it is going to  
 " compleat the Felicity of what I most  
 " love in the World, my Daughter and  
 " my Son.

In speaking these last Words he took  
 us both in his Arms.

" Come, continued he, my dear Chil-  
 " dren, let this tender Embrace unite our  
 " Hearts and Wishes, and turn single in-  
 " to general Happiness.

The



The Dowager Marchioness, the Marquis, his lovely Wife, and my Father, shed Tears of Joy; and to the Count's succeeded their tenderest Embraces; our Sensibility was equal, and there was none among us that did not esteem themselves peculiarly blessed.

The rest of the Day passed in congratulating Mr. *de St. Furcy* and myself, upon the happy Success which crowned our constant Love. The dear Count, our Father, for I might already call him so, endeavored, as much as possible, to hasten our Happiness.

In the mean time a Report was spread, I know not how, that I was going to be married to the old Count *de St. Furcy*. Madame *de Villiers* heard it, and perhaps flattered herself with hoping that I might be still less happy in marrying a Man of Age than her favorite Daughter was with Mr. *d'Aubecour*: I had reason to think so in a Visit she and my Sister made the next Day to the Marchioness *de Beaumont*. Joy sat on their Faces; I was pleased to see them  
appear

appear so much happier than for some time past, when Madame *de Villiers* immediately addressing herself to *St. Furcy's* Father, said, with an Air of Raillery,

“ It is only, Sir, from public Rumor  
 “ that I have learnt your kind Intentions  
 “ for Madame *Dorigny*. I congratulate  
 “ her; and thought it my Duty to make  
 “ my Compliments to you upon it.

“ There is great reason to congratulate  
 “ me, Madam, answered the Count,  
 who saw her Mistake, “ and I receive it  
 “ with the Gratitude due to your Polite-  
 “ nefs. But this is not enough, Madam,  
 “ I want your Consent to this intended  
 “ Marriage. I designed waiting on you  
 “ to-morrow to ask it, but since you are  
 “ here, will you be so obliging as to grant  
 “ it me till I have Leisure to perform  
 “ that Duty.

My Mother answered, with more Joy than Civility, that she most readily dispensed a Person of his Age from giving himself that Trouble, and was extremely glad she had prevented him, by assuring him

him there of her Consent and Approbation.

“ Since this is the Case, Son, continued the Count, presenting young St. Furcy to my Mother, return Madame *de Villiers* Thanks for the Honor she does you ; and do you, Madam, give me leave to offer you a Son-in-law, who will render himself worthy of your Goodness by his Respect and constant Attachment.

The Confusion into which this threw my Mother and Sister, the Difficulty they found in expressing themselves, and the Coldness of their Congratulations, explained to the Company the real Design of their Visit. Some of them could not refrain from Laughing ; my Mother perceived it, and their Confusion increasing, they thought proper to shorten their Visit, and left us. The first Moment my dear Count could converse with me alone, he accused himself of having got a Copy of my Picture from the Painter to whom he had recommended Mr. *Dorigny*, which he told me was his only Consolation in his  
greatest

greatest Affliction. I easily forgave him, and, at the Expiration of the sixth Month of my Widowhood, I became Wife to the young Count *de St. Furcy*, that is in other words, the happiest Woman in the World. The first Moments of my Felicity were indeed troubled by the Train of Misfortunes which successively befel my Sister, and have been already related by me. Nor till she retired into a Convent could I say the Tranquility I have since enjoyed was quite established. If during this long Space of Time, my Husband and myself have been afflicted by the much regretted Loss of our two Fathers, so worthy of our Grief, mine has at least been greatly alleviated by the Happiness of giving to the most deserving, most virtuous, and best of Husbands, Children that are worthy of him, and all the Affection I bear them. Additional Bands of an Union which has never been interrupted, they have been our Reward, and now are our Delight.

6 MA 50

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